



EVERY PATRIOTIC AMERICAN SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO



The Colonial Magazine

Devoted to
The interests of the
Patriotic Organizations
of America

+ Monthly +
+ Illustrated +

Yearly Subscription - - \$2.50
Single Copies - - - 25 cents

Subscribe NOW for 1896
and get back numbers for 1895
from August to December
(five numbers) free.

PRESS NOTICES.

N. Y. Evening Telegram.

"The Colonial Magazine is excellently gotten up, carefully and sensibly edited, and munificently illustrated."

N. Y. Mail and Express.

"The Colonial Magazine holds out much promise of becoming not only a valuable record, but an entertaining and instructive collection of articles covering the subjects which it aims to make its especial care. Aside from its literary merits it is attractively gotten up."

New York Times.

"The Colonial Magazine is printed on heavy paper, from good type, has illustrations, and is bound in an attractive and appropriate cover. So good a first number gives promise of many more good ones. Success should attend an enterprise begun so well, and for which the room would seem to be ample."

THE COLONIAL MAGAZINE is published with the intent of placing before its readers masters of interest to all connected with the various patriotic organizations of this country as well as all who are interested in American History. Its contents will comprise history, biography, and fiction, on subjects connected with the birth, growth and development of the nation, together with news of societies, notes of current happenings, book reviews, etc.

The subscription price is \$2.50 per year, and sample copies will be sent for 25c.

A number of our readers, in sending in their subscriptions, have ordered THE COLONIAL MAGAZINE from the first number. This is naturally gratifying to the publishers, and indicates the interest that is taken in the magazine. As a special inducement to subscribers the following offer is made:

To all who subscribe for a period of a year or over from January, 1896, the Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov. and Dec. numbers of 1895 will be sent free. Thus for \$2.50 the subscriber will receive THE COLONIAL MAGAZINE for seventeen months. Please refer to this offer in "Littell's Living Age" when sending in your subscription.

BOSWORTH, HYDE & HYDE, Publishers, 114 Fifth Ave., New York.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume IX. }

No. 2692.—February 8, 1896.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCVIII.

CONTENTS.

I. THE SULTAN AND HIS PRIESTS. By Richard Davey,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	323
II. REQUIEM. By Ponta da Lenha,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . .	335
III. LORD DE TABLEY. A Portrait. By Edmund Gosse,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	346
IV. WORDSWORTH'S "PARSON SYMPSON," FOLLOWERS. By J. Cuthbert Hadden,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	357
V. STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS. By J. Cuthbert Hadden,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . .	365
VI. THE RULE OF THE LAYWOMAN. By Mrs. Stephen Batson,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	373
VII. FUSBOS THE AARDVARK. By R. Trimen,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . . .	379
VIII. WILD-FOWL ON HOLKHAM LAKE,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	381
IX. HUNTING WILD HORSES IN NEW ZEALAND. By E. M. Kirwan,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . .	383

POETRY.

"WE'RE GOING HOME!" I HEARD TWO LOVERS SAY."	322	THE GUIDES AT CABUL, 1879, . . .	322
--	-----	----------------------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE GUIDES AT CABUL, 1879.

"The Commission do not give their opinion hastily, but they believe that the annals of no army and of no regiment can show a brighter record of devoted bravery than has been achieved by this small band of Guides. By their deeds they have conferred undying honor, not only on the regiment to which they belong, but on the whole British army."—*Sir Charles Macgregor's Report.*

Sons of the Island race, wherever ye dwell,

Who speak of your fathers' battles
with lips that burn,

The deed of an alien legion hear me tell,
And think not shame from the hearts
ye tamed to learn,

When succor shall fail and the tide for
a season turn,

To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate
pride,

To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul
died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack
of mud,

Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by
one,

Answered a thousand yelling for English
blood

With stormy volleys that swept them
gunner from gun,

And charge on charge in the glare of the
Afghan sun,

Till the walls were shattered wherein
they crouched at bay,

And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon that
wrecked their hold,

Twice toiled in vain to drag it back;

Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary and
bold,

Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter
the rack,

Hamilton, last of the English, covered
their track.

"Never give in!" he cried, and he heard
them shout,

And grappled with death as a man that
knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their
smouldering barrack again,

And behold, a banner of truce, and a
voice that spoke:

"Come, for we know that the English all
are slain,

We keep no feud with men of a kindred
folk:

Rejoice with us to be free of the conqueror's yoke."

Silence fell for a moment, then was heard
A sound of laughter and scorn, and an
answering word.

"Is it we or the lords we serve who have
earned this wrong,

That ye call us to flinch from the battle
they bade us fight?

We that live—do ye doubt that our hands
are strong?

They that are fallen—ye know that their
blood was bright!

Think ye the Guides will barter for lust
of the light

The pride of an ancient people in warfare
bred,

Honor of comrades living, and faith to the
dead?"

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's
heart

To the last thundering gallop and sheer
leap

Came on the men of the Guides: they
flung apart

The doors not all their valor could
longer keep;

They dressed their slender line; they
breathed deep,

And with never a foot lagging or head
bent

To the clash and clamor and dust of
death they went.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

Longman's Magazine.

"We're going home!" I heard two lovers
say,

They kissed their friends and bade them
bright good-byes;

I hid the deadly hunger in my eyes,

And, lest I might have killed them, turned
away.

Ah, love! we two once gambolled home as
they,

Home from the town with such fair
merchandise—

Wine and great grapes—the happy lover
buys:

A little cosy feast to crown the day.

Yes! we had once a heaven we called a
home.

Its empty rooms still haunt me like
thine eyes,

When the last sunset softly faded there;

Each day I tread each empty, haunted
room,

And now and then a little baby cries,

Or laughs a lonely laughter worse to bear.

R. LE GALLIENNE.

From *The Fortnightly Review*.
THE SULTAN AND HIS PRIESTS.

BY RICHARD DAVEY.

The sultan is not unfrequently described by Europeans as the "pope" of the Muhommadan religion. Whereas he really is no more than its khaliph or supreme chief, and is not in any sense an ecclesiastic. He takes no exceptionally prominent part in the performance of divine service, and wears no distinctive sacerdotal costume; and although he represents the Prophet on earth, and is his vicar, he is not a pontiff, properly so called; his duties being limited to watching over the interests of Islam, to rousing, when necessary, its spirit of fanaticism, and to defending it generally against its enemies. He is bound in the hour of danger to appeal through the Cheikh-ul-Islam and his countless imâms, to the faithful at large, and command them in the name of Allah and his Prophet to rise and fight for the sacred standard. But although he is the Shadow of God on earth, and as such so venerated, that, even as late as the first part of the present century he was approached by his ministers and other subjects, not on bended knees only, but on all fours, he can promulgate no new dogmas, neither can he increase nor diminish in the smallest degree any detail of the Islamic ritual, which has remained unchanged since it was first established in the sixth century. The fact that the sultan, although he is the sole earthly representative of the Prophet, possesses no priestly attribute, possibly accounts for the facility with which he can be deposed, and even murdered, without unchaining the religious passions of his subjects. It is, however, taken for granted that he cannot be dethroned or done away with without the formal and even the written authority of the Cheikh-ul-Islam. The khaliph has certain privileges, peculiar rather to his office than to his personality. For instance, he alone can lay his hand upon the standard of the Prophet and other relics of Mahomet and his companions, which are pre-

served at the Old Seraglio, and he is, moreover, the only Muhommadan in whose presence women can unveil. He can enter any harem unbidden, and behold its fair inmates without let or hindrance. But it is contrary to etiquette for him to avail himself of this agreeable privilege. The sultan can also nominate and depose the Cheikh-ul-Islam.

On the other hand, his supreme authority is not so generally accepted as imagined. Many Muhommadan sects, such as the Persians, who belong to the schism of the Shiites, recognize him merely as a figurehead for Islam. I may here recall that in the early part of his reign Abd-ul-Hamid II., realizing his altered circumstances, conceived the bold idea of strengthening his spiritual position, by an endeavor to rally the whole Muhommadan world, from Stamboul to the Himalayas, under his sacred sceptre, and inaugurated a movement known in modern times as Panislamism. He accordingly invited to Stamboul a host of austere and zealous cheikhs and assembling them at Yildiz, propounded his scheme. They were to use their utmost endeavors to revive religious fervor at home, and, moreover, they were to turn their efforts to the conversion of the negroes in western and eastern Soudan, and other parts of Africa, and enroll them under the banner of the Prophet and his vicar, the supreme khaliph of Stamboul. The cheikhs received the proposal with enthusiasm, but unfortunately the undertaking was not crowned with success. True, the negroes of Senegambia and the Soudan received the green-turbaned missionaries with profound respect—they were, it is said, well paid for their pains—but the sultans of Morocco and Zanzibar proved refractory, and actually insulted the khaliph's envoys. They absolutely refused to share their authority with Abd-ul-Hamid II., and the Panislamic movement ended in a fiasco, which cost the Turkish government enormous sums of money and considerable loss of prestige.

Before proceeding farther it may be well to examine briefly the doctrines

and ritual of Islam. Nothing can be simpler than its dogmas. They can be reduced to three, evidently derived from Hebrew and Christian sources: "Say not," says the Khoran, "that there is a Trinity in God; He is one undivided, and rules alone in heaven and on earth. God has no Son, He is eternal, and His Empire is shared by no one." To this purely Deistic theory may be added a second, which concerns eternal reward and punishment. "The wicked," says the Khoran, "will descend into the flames of hell, and the just shall enjoy eternal happiness." So far so good, but unfortunately Mahomet grafted on to the above doctrines certain other theories, drawn from more ancient religious systems and philosophies, and also from a superficial, possibly a hearsay, acquaintance with the Gospels, especially the Apocryphal Gospels. Among these doctrines which he resolved into dogmas are predestination, fatalism, and polygamy, a trio which have proved fatal to the intellectual advancement of the Muhommadan world. By circumscribing his religion within the narrow limits of the Khoran, and by declaring that book to be infallible, in its every verse, Mahomet crushed forever all spirit of inquiry and freedom of thought.

A faith so simple in its doctrines calls for a simple ritual. Mahomet, rightly dreading idolatry so prevalent in Mecca in his day, wisely ordained that the interiors of the mosques or places of prayer should be destitute of all representations of human or animal life. The early mosques were plainly whitewashed, and were not even ornamented by verses from the Khoran. In the course of time, certain pious khaliphs expended vast sums on the construction of mosques, and many of them became monuments of architectural magnificence into which the richest materials were introduced. But their interiors, however splendidly adorned with marble columns, stained glass windows and glorious carpets, are as nude as an English Town Hall when cleared of its proper complement of chairs and tables. The only furniture of a mosque

is the mihrib, a sort of niche indicating the direction in which Mecca lies, the minber or pulpit, and in some of the imperial mosques a Maafli-i-Humayum or private pew for the sultan, and a little gallery called a maafli for the chanters. Two gigantic wax candles in gold, in silver, or brass candlesticks, stand on either side of the mihrib, and are only lighted during Ramazan. Most of the mosques are embellished with elaborate inscriptions in Arabian or Turkish characters quoting verses from the Khoran. In some of the mosques, notably those at Brussa, there is a large fountain under the central dome. This does not serve, however, for ablutions, but simply as an ornament. It is a popular error to say that people are obliged, as a sign of respect, to take off their shoes before entering a mosque. This is done simply because the floors of the mosques are covered either with mats or carpets which must be kept scrupulously clean, because the faithful touch them with their foreheads constantly during their devotions. If you wear goloshes, you need only remove them, and boldly enter the mosque in your boots. Another popular error connected with the mosques is the idea that Christians must not be admitted into them. This is absolutely opposed to the teaching of the Khoran, which declares that any man or woman may enter a mosque, be their religion what it may. Indeed, in the earlier period of the history of Islam it was considered an excellent method of converting unbelievers to invite them to attend the services. Since Turkey and the East generally have become the happy hunting ground of tourists, the imams have conceived the idea that, by charging the glaiour for permission to enter the mosques, they may turn an honest penny to their own advantage. There are, however, mosques held to be so sacred, on account of the relics they contain that the mere presence of a glaiour would pollute them. Otherwise the exclusion of infidels from the mosques is contrary to the teaching of the Prophet. Prayers are read in the mosque five times a day. The Friday

afternoon service is a little more elaborate than those which take place daily, and is not infrequently expanded by a sermon. There are no vestments, no special lights, except in Ramazan, when the mosques are brilliantly illuminated at night with thousands of colored lanterns, greatly increasing the effect of a most striking scene often described by travellers.

As it is a fashion to consider the sultan as a sort of pope, so I have heard many people, even old residents in Constantinople, describe the Cheikh-ul-Islam as the Archbishop of Canterbury of the Muhommadan religion. Although this functionary is treated and spoken of with extreme respect, like the sultan, his august master, he has no pontifical attributes whatever. He is, however, the supreme interpreter of the Khoran and first magistrate of the empire, and he alone can appoint or remove the officials attached to the various tribunals throughout the empire. He has, moreover, absolute control over the Imâms, Mollahs, Ulemas, and Softas, and over the superiors of the various medrassés or theological colleges and other judicial and religious institutions. The dervishes, who correspond to the regular clergy of Christendom, are also, though indirectly, under his rule, and twice every week he sits at the supreme court of justice or *Arz-odessl*, which is attached to his palace, and his decisions are absolutely irrevocable. In ordinary life the Cheikh-ul-Islam wears the old-fashioned Turkish costume, a dark caftan or cloak lined with fur and a green turban surrounding a fez. On state occasions, however, such as the *Kurban Bairam* or feast, which follows Ramazan, his robes are of white cashmere edged with gold, and his mantle light green, also heavily fringed with gold. His palace is not far from *Yildiz-Kiosk*, and he invariably comes to the *Selamlık* in a splendid modern carriage-and-pair in time to receive the sultan at the foot of the stairs leading to the little *Hamidyéh* Mosque. His Excellency is obliged to have four wives, and the following curious account of a visit to his

harem, which is kept up in the old style, is kindly furnished by Lady M—, who was staying at the Hotel Bristol, in the winter of 1894, at the same time as myself.

Thanks to the kindness of my dear old friend and governess, *Fräulein*, we were enabled to visit a number of harems, among them that of the Cheikh-ul-Islam. We arrived at his palace about noon and were received at the main entrance by a black eunuch, who led us to a long apartment at the top of the staircase, where we were greeted by the cheikh himself, accompanied by his eldest son. His Excellency was dressed in Oriental costume, and after we had partaken of some sweet syrups, which was handed round on a magnificent silver salver and washed down with some very fresh water, he conducted us into the harem. The first chamber we entered was extremely large, and was occupied by some thirty ladies of various ages seated on divans. Some of them were smoking cigarettes and *chiroutes*. Two or three were reading, but the majority were simply gossiping. Among them were a number of slave girls and little children, the noise of whose deafening chatter reminded me of the parrot house at the Zoo. On our entering they all, save two, hastily veiled themselves, and rose to their feet, to salute the cheikh and ourselves. I discovered afterwards that the two ladies who remained uncovered were the *Kutchuck Hanoum*, or younger wife and her daughter. On receiving permission to do so they all reseated themselves and recommenced their chattering just as if we were not present. In a handsome room beyond, furnished in the Turkish style with divans covered with splendid silks and embroideries, was the cheikh's first wife, the *Bouyuk Hanoum*, and his mother. They received us very civilly but apologized for their slovenly appearance. The *Fräulein*, who was of our party, now stepped forward and acted as interpreter. She told us that the harem had lately lost its chief attraction, an elder and very lovely daughter of the cheikh, who had died within the week of consumption. As mourning, in our sense of the word, is not a Turkish custom, the ladies in order the better to emphasize their regret at this loss, had put on their oldest and commonest attire. The *Bouyuk Hanoum*, or senior wife, was a nice-looking, grey-

haired old lady, but her dress, which was in the Turkish style, was exceedingly shabby and her trousers the reverse of clean. She immediately ordered refreshment by clapping her hands, and offered us a somewhat substantial meal, consisting of an excellent broth, pilaf with rice, and a rather pleasant flavored dish of mincemeat, rolled up in young vine-leaves and served with a very rich kind of tomato sauce. Then came little birds daintily roasted on a skewer, and lastly some very sickly sweetmeats, and all sorts of candied and dried fruits. We had to wash this meal down with rich syrups and rice water, and an agreeable drink made of barley and spice served hot. After this we were rejoined by the Cheikh-ul-Islam, who had absented himself during the meal, which, by the way, was served on little low tables and eaten without knives or forks. Our hostess helped us to the choicest morsels with her own pretty little taper fingers, the nails of which were scarlet with henna. A young girl now came forward, squatted herself on the floor, and sang an interminable song full of elaborate cadences to the accompaniment of a mandoline. The party was next increased by the cheikh's daughter-in-law. This lady was evidently not in mourning, for she wore a magnificent rose-colored satin tea-gown and blazed with jewels. She proved to be a nice-looking little lady who spoke excellent French, and who asked us innumerable questions about Paris and London. On a signal from the cheikh, we rose and took our leave of the ladies, and were escorted with much ceremony to another part of the house to pay our respects to his Excellency's father, an old gentleman nearly one hundred years of age, who sat buried in cushions on a low divan attended by four pretty little slave girls, one of whom apparently looked after his pipe, a second fanned him, and the two others chafed his feet. As he was not particularly communicative we made him our obeisances and descended into the harem garden, which we found in a most dilapidated condition. The cheikh's own particular garden, however, was in excellent order and full of very early spring flowers, of which his son gathered us a bouquet. Just as we were about to take our departure, an old slave woman hobbled into the garden and demanded our presence once more in the Bouyuk Hanoum's apartments, whither we hurried as fast as we could. The

kindly lady had resolved we should not depart without giving us a souvenir of our visit. We found her half buried in a big trunk from which she was extracting rolls of silk, little boxes of jewels, and even treasured copies of by-gone Christmas numbers of the *Graphic*. At last she settled upon two very handsome silver clasps which she presented to myself and my friend with great ceremony. Presently recollecting the *Fräulein*, who had been a governess in her establishment for some years, she rushed to the box again and seized a great roll of yellow satin, which she presented to her old friend, heartily kissing her on both cheeks as she did so, and so ended our visit to what might be called the Vatican of the East.

In the early days of Muhommadanism prayers were said by the Prophet and his immediate disciples, none of whom claimed sacerdotal rank, which indeed would have been an absurdity, for the ritual is so simple that anybody can easily perform it. But very shortly after the death of Mahomet abuses crept in and it became absolutely necessary to keep the mosques free from becoming a sort of bear gardens, in which the first man out of the street might start chanting prayers in opposition, possibly, to some other devout person equally eager to display his piety or his vocal ability. It was, therefore, decided that public prayers should be said and intoned only by a properly qualified member of the congregation. The selection of this individual rests entirely in the hands of the frequenters of any particular mosque, the parishioners, as we should call them, usually choosing the person they consider most worthy of the honor. This individual is called an imâm¹ or mollah. Within the last two centuries he has been obliged to pass a sort of examination as to the quality of his voice, respectability of appearance, and reputation for orthodoxy and integrity, but otherwise he has no priestly functions whatever, although he registers marriages, blesses the rite of circum-

¹ The word imâm means one who leads or heads. Thus: Imâm-ul-Muslemin—the Chief of the Faithful, one of the sultan's titles.

cision, and reads the first prayers over the dead. These functions do not prevent his keeping a shop or engaging in any official or commercial business he chooses. As a rule he has his shop or office as near as possible to the mosque which has engaged his services as reader. He adds to his income by teaching the Khoran and the rudiments of education to the children who frequent the mosques for the purpose, and whose parents pay the imâm a few piastres a week for his services. The imâms are bound by no vows, and can abandon their religious duties whenever they choose. They are distinguished from the rest of the population by wearing a modification of the old Turkish costume, they have discarded the old and picturesque bags, and wear a pair of shabby German ready-made trousers, a flowing caftan or coat lined with fur, and a small turban twisted round their fez. The imâms have not much spiritual influence, but they are of some social importance, being the collectors and disseminators of half the gossip and scandal in the town. Like priests in other religions, they are great match-makers, and their shops are sure of custom, especially in the early morning hours, when flocks of veiled women come to consult them on their domestic affairs. They are also said to show great ability in arranging divorces. The imâms receive a small salary out of the funds of the mosques to which they are attached, and I have been assured they pick up a good deal at weddings and funerals. The rich among them usually give whatever money they receive for their sacred offices to the poor; their position naturally brings them into contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women, but they are not treated with marked outward respect by the people. Some few are fairly well educated, but the vast majority are very ignorant. Unfortunately they are fond of turning a dishonest penny, by selling to tourists fine old Persian tiles and other curiosities which they pilfer from the mosques. Some years ago Sultan Abdul-Hamid passed a draconian law

against these acts of vandalism, and not a few imâms and mollahs, notably those connected with St. Sophia, have seen the unpleasant side of a Turkish prison. I made the acquaintance of several imâms during my recent visit to the East. There was one good gentleman attached to the Amediyeh Mosque who was considered the ablest calligraphist in Stamboul, and some specimens of his work which I possess are certainly marvels of penmanship. As he had been most obliging to me I thought it my duty to invite him to the Hotel Bristol in Pera, and accordingly one fine afternoon he arrived. As an instance of the peculiarly uninquiring state of the average Muhommadan mind, Mollah Ibrahim Effendi, although he is considerably over fifty, had only crossed the bridge between Stamboul and Galata five times in his life. The Hotel Bristol, before the opening of the Pera Palace Hotel, boasted the only lift in Constantinople. So enchanted was my mollah with going up and down propelled by invisible means, that to satisfy him and to give him a sort of treat in return for his many acts of politeness, I paid the lift man to take him up and down no less than twelve times. He clapped his hands in a perfect ecstasy, laughed till he cried, and again and again invoked Allah and his Prophet to witness that never, no never, had there been on this earth such a charming invention as a lift! A week or so later he sent me a box of dates and a marvellous specimen of his penmanship, together with his blessing and a letter in Turkish assuring me of his undying friendship. As there are no less than six hundred mosques, big and little, in Stamboul and its environs, and as there are never less than half-a-dozen imâms attached to each of these, some idea can be reached of the formidable proportions of the holy army of mollahs. Next in importance to the imâm is the muezzin or prayer crier. Five times a day he has to ascend to the upper balcony or bracelet of the minaret attached to his mosque and cry, or rather chant, in a loud, quavering voice, with prolonged cadences,

"Allah Akber (twice), Esschedou Allah il laha il Allah (twice), Esschedou anneh Muhammadan ressool ul lat (twice). Haayahallah sal-lah (twice). Haayah al ul fellah (twice). Allah Akber (twice). La il lah il Allah!" Meaning, "Great One, I avow there is no God but God, I avow Mahomet is His prophet. Let us go save our souls. Let us go and pray. God is great. In the name of God the only God." The muezzin also takes part in the service, as a sort of sub-deacon, and chants the responses. These worthies are usually selected for the beauty and strength of their voices, and are carefully trained by the imams in the traditional methods of chanting the call. The muezzins attached to the imperial mosques, and especially those belonging to St. Sophia, are regarded by the Turks as great artists, and they certainly execute their interminable nasal cadences with wonderful precision. The reputation of these muezzins is not exactly that of sanctity, and they are regarded by the populace as very sad dogs indeed. Many a Turkish folk-song turns on the loose conduct of the muezzin. He has a conspicuous rôle allotted to him in the questionable exhibitions of Karagheus, a sort of Turkish Ombre Chinois, very popular in the little wooden theatres which are constructed in Ramazan in the neighborhood of the lovely mosques of Bayazid, where the Turkish papas take their little boys and girls to behold performances which would bring a blush to the cheek of the proverbial hippopotamus.

The khatibs, or preachers, are attached to most of the larger mosques, and receive fairly large salaries according to their popularity. The greater number of these sacred orators, however, pick up a living by going from mosque to mosque, and getting engagements to preach on certain days only. Some of the more popular imitate the Catholic monks, and go on a preaching tour from one end of the empire to the other. A few of them, I believe, enjoy great reputation, and when they are announced to preach in a certain mosque the sacred edifice is crowded to excess.

The moakits, or clock-winders, form yet another section of this sort of lay clergy. All the mosques and turbhes are full of clocks, mostly made in France and England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, notably by one Prior of Ludgate Hill (1750 to 1770). Some of these clocks are magnificent specimens of buhl, and have evidently been presented to the mosques by wealthy persons; the figures are always in Turkish hieroglyphs, but the name of the manufacturer is distinct enough. I dare say some of my English readers will wonder what earthly connection exists between clocks and divine worship. They must remember that the prescribed prayers of the Muhommadan ritual must take place five times a day at stated intervals regulated by the moon. This necessitates certain astronomical studies, which are determined by the clock-winders, and thus the clocks and their attendants are as essential to this peculiar system of divine worship as are the minarets and muezzins. You are sure to find close to large mosques the moakit khané, or clock-shop, the owner of which is equally certain to be a moakit. The mosques invariably swarm with little boys, who run errands, fetch water, and make themselves generally agreeable to the imams and other officials. These young people are also pretty sure to be attached to the neighboring baths, and, young as they are, their reputation is not precisely pleasing.

There is yet a second great division of Muhommadan clergy, the judicial or ulemas. Justice in Turkey is about the most marvellous farce imaginable, and its complications are quite beyond the belief of those who have not investigated the matter. A Muhommadan cannot be judged within the Turkish Empire by any Christian. He is subject to the law of the Khoran or Cherat alone, and although for mixed cases there exists a tribunal based on the model of the French law-courts, the Muhommadan, even if he is condemned by the judge who presides over these loosely conducted law-courts, is pretty sure to get his sentence rescinded on

appealing to the purely Turkish court, which is presided over by the Cheikh-ul-Islam. The ulemas can best be described as sacred lawyers, who interpret the law according to the Khoran. Before becoming ulemas they have to go through a severe course of studies, and to pass examinations, after which they become cadiss or justices of the peace. They rank much higher than the imams, who, after all, have merely to parrot the prescribed prayers. They have moreover a distinct hierarchy defined by Sultan Suleyman the Magnificent, which was modified in our time by Mahmud II. the Reformer. They are almost a caste, and hold together with amazing *esprit de corps*. They are easily distinguished from the imams by their costume. Their cheikh, or chief, of course, is the Cheikh-ul-Islam, but they have three other important superiors, known as Cadi-el-Askir, one of whom is the supreme judge for Turkey in Europe, the second for the Asiatic provinces, and the third for Stamboul proper. This latter is distinguished as Stamboul Effendesi. These three functionaries, whose duty is to revise the sentences of all the judges of the empire, reside in the capital, and attend twice a week at the Court of the Cheikh-ul-Islam. They have the same rank and precedence as the viziers and ministers, and their decisions, when once they receive the endorsement of the Cheikh-ul-Islam, cannot be rescinded. The mufti or cadi correspond to our justices of the peace. Under them are the local mapshati, or naib, who refer all exceptional cases to their mufti, and he in turn when doubtful sometimes sends the matter to Constantinople for the approbation of the Cadi-el-Askir.

It would be absolutely impossible in the limits of a magazine article to convey any idea of the incredible confusion which exists in the judicial system of Turkey, owing to the fact that the Turks, as true believers, are subject to the Khoran in law only, whereas the rest of the population has to have recourse to the various patriarchs, embassies, or consuls. Every nation has

its own law-court and prison, which are, of course, only brought into use when the defendant and prosecutor are of the same nationality. The Greeks and Armenians when in trouble are judged by their patriarchs, or at the Galata Seral police-court, or at the law-courts near St. Sophia. The consequence is that cases drag on from court to court, from embassy to embassy, and from patriarch to patriarch, until the litigants are utterly ruined. A visit to the Stamboul law-courts is among the funniest and most extraordinary sights the strangest city on earth can boast. You enter, say the Galata Seral, through a vast, dirty hall, at the end of which is a staircase; here you will find two filthy porters who pounce upon your feet and carry off your goloshes, giving you a check in return. On looking about, you behold a perfect mountain of dirty goloshes of all sorts and sizes, no one being allowed to ascend the staircase wearing them. At the top of the wooden stairs you find yourself in a long corridor packed with witnesses, beggars, Turkish ladies closely veiled, foreign demireps, eunuchs, dirty soldiers, Catholic monks, Greek priests, Armenians, dragomen, Germans, Englishmen, some in native costumes and some not, and some in appalling second-hand suits of ditto. The judges, the lawyers, and the jury usually straggle in about two hours after their appointed time. On arriving and entering the court they are immediately served with coffee and cigars. The court fills, the noise becomes deafening. Silence! roars the judge, whereupon the zapthé, or policemen, collar half-a-dozen persons who have been silent and well-behaved, and drag them screaming from the court. When order is re-established the witnesses begin to make their declaration, and as they belong to every nationality on earth, each is supplied with a dragoman or interpreter, who, I am assured, usually interprets according to the amount of backsheesh he receives. When a prisoner is sentenced the zapthé seize hold of him and hustle and kick him down-stairs until they reach the door leading into the court-

yard of the prison. When this is opened the poor unfortunate wretch is pushed in, the door is slammed behind him, and the zaphé have a good laugh over their exploit, which has probably cost their victim a broken limb and excruciating pain. Outside the court is a café where you can hire false witnesses for a small consideration, to swear anything you tell them. It would be unjust to say that there are no upright judges in Stamboul, but one of the ablest of these gentlemen assured me that it was quite impossible for him to do his duty under existing circumstances.

The softas, concerning whose exploits we have heard so much of late, are the theological students who wish to become ulemas, or, literally, learned men. All the larger mosques have medrassés or schools of theology attached to them, attended by lads mostly from the provinces, who receive a gratuitous education of a purely theological character. The medrassé supply each softa or student with a small room, scantily furnished, two loaves of bread daily, and a certain quantity of firewood in winter. The youth must obtain the other necessities of life at his own cost. Bad nourishment, want of proper exercise, and, above all, of a healthy female influence—the lads being absolutely excluded from all communication with respectable women—gives a certain unhealthy, sodden appearance to these softas which is not very reassuring. They are very closely watched by the police lest they should affiliate themselves to some political secret society or other, and his Majesty has more than once sent a number of them home; not a few, they say, to the bottom of the sea. Their course of studies consists of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish languages, which take a good dozen years to master thoroughly, Turkish calligraphy, which is amazingly difficult, astronomy, mathematics, and, of course, Islamic philosophy and theology. Formerly they used to learn astrology, but that occult science is now abandoned.

The dervishes occupy an analogous position in the Mussulman world to that

of the regular clergy of the Christian communities. They are divided into several congregations or orders called *Tarikat*, which means "path conducting to perfection." Each order occupies itself in glorifying some particular theological principle or mystical doctrine. Thus the *Tariki-kadrie* hold that the chief object of life is to glorify God by repeating his holy name as loudly and as frequently as possible. When these dervishes are assembled together for worship they shout the name of Allah nine hundred and ninety-nine times at the top of their voices. These are commonly known as "*Howling Dervishes*." The *Halveti Dervishes*, on the other hand, pray in profound silence, declaring that it is not with the tongue or with loud cries that God is to be adored, but by meditation and fervor of spirit. There are seven orders of dervishes recognized by the State, whose seven founders are considered in the light of canonized saints, and whose tombs are places of pilgrimage, where miracles are wrought. By far the most picturesque of the various orders of dervishes are the *Mevlêvis*, Dancing or Turning Dervishes, whose graceful gyrations are among the weekly sights of the East, which no tourist should omit to see.

The *Bektachi Dervishes* are an extremely interesting order, less known in Europe than they deserve to be on account of their great political influence. Before proceeding further, I shall here remark that the dervishes are no more priests than the imâms or ulemas. They are bound by no vows of celibacy, or even of poverty, although not very many generations back an order did exist called *Torlaki* or *Durmistars* who bound themselves by vows as rigorous as those of the Catholic Trappists. They never partook of meat or even fish, but lived entirely on herbs and held women in holy horror, a fact which did not, however, prevent their having such an abominable reputation that early in the last century they were nearly exterminated. A few, however, of these extraordinary creatures still exist, and

not two years ago one of them was still to be seen wandering stark naked about the streets of Constantinople. He was held in such veneration that in the low quarters of the city men and women rushed out to touch and embrace him in the most repulsive manner. I saw him once, but he was arrested shortly afterwards at the request of the ambassadors, and placed in some charitable institution. Old residents in Constantinople assured me that in their youth there were a great many of these creatures to be seen, and they are still frequently to be met on the country highroads and in the provincial towns. The dervishes have convents called Tekiés, which, however, are only inhabited by bachelor members of the community.

The assembly room or chapel differs in form and size according to the order to which it is attached. The Turning Dervishes, for instance, have a circular platform, surrounded by a balustrade, erected in the middle of the building, which is kept highly polished to enable them the better to execute their sacred waltzes. A gallery to the right, thickly latticed, is devoted to the women of the imperial harem in the capital, or to the ladies of the upper classes in the provinces. The general public, including strangers, common women, and children, stand or squat round the circular platform. Immediately over the principal entrance is a balcony occupied by the musicians. The chapel of the Howling Dervishes, on the other hand, is square or oblong, and has an elaborate mihrib in one corner indicating the direction of Mecca, and a platform at the upper end which is occupied by the musicians, and by such individuals as wish to join in the howling and other ceremonies. To the right of this is a chamber in which adult invalids, of both sexes, sick children and lunatics are kept until the time comes for them to be trampled upon by the cheikh, a rather degrading performance which is supposed to heal them of their ills. The Bektachi Chapel is perfectly plain, and only ornamented with a single inscription—the word Allah in Arabian charac-

ters—over the divan of the superior of the community. Each order of dervishes has what would be called at Rome its general or supreme chief. This influential position is not elective but hereditary. In the case of the family to which it belongs becoming extinct, the community elects a new cheikh, whose descendants form a fresh dynasty. Each Takié has its minor cheikh, who is dependant on the superior of his order. None of these superiors or generals of orders have any particular position at court excepting the cheikh of the Mevlévi or Turning Dervishes, who ranks next to the Cheikh-ul-Islam, and is called moullar-hounkiar, or sovereign priest. It is he who invests the new sultan with the sword of Othman in the sacred mosque of Eyub, a ceremony which corresponds with our coronation. The members of the community are obliged to obey their superior implicitly in all matters concerning their religious duties. Each cheikh has a council or chapter of superior or initiated dervishes called *dédés* or fathers, who administer the affairs of the order and transmit its traditions and secrets from generation to generation. They have also the right to punish or reward members of the community. Their chief is known as the *Aktchi-Dédé* or Father Cook. I dare say my readers will wonder what on earth a cook has to do with it, but, with a nomadic people like the Turks, the cook in olden times occupied an exceptional position, and the chief of the Janissaries rejoiced in the title of supreme cook, and the banner of that all-powerful order was the soup kettle. The novices of the various orders of dervishes are called *mouribs*. They begin their duties at a very early age, and are not admitted as full members of the community until they have served at least six years. The various dervishes have certain secret passwords and signs by which they can know each other in all parts of the empire, and they wear a peculiar costume, consisting of an ample cloak of some soft dark woollen stuff, and a high conical hat or cap of the same material. A great

number, however, of them belonging to the upper classes only assume the costume indoors. I was never more surprised than when, on visiting a pasha whose acquaintance I had formed when he was wearing a very smart modern military uniform, I found him dressed in the dervish habit.

The dervishes are exceedingly charitable, and are bound to assist one another in all cases of emergency. Many of them, however, are so poor that they live entirely on alms, but these are never refused. The worst allegation which can be brought against them is that, with the sole exception of the Bektachi dervishes, they encourage all sorts of superstitious beliefs and practices with the object of increasing their own influence. The Mevlévis, for instance, invariably have attached to their Takiés an augur, an astrologer, and a mesmerist. Some of the lower orders of dervishes ally themselves with the hodjas, or witches and necromancers, fortune-tellers, palmists, and other such fry who swarm all over the empire. Nothing prettier can be imagined than the service of the Turning Dervishes. Their orchestra consists of a band of about eight musicians, each playing upon a peculiar and very ancient-looking instrument, such as a tabor, a tambourine, a dulcimer, a small mandoline, a one-stringed violin, and a little Egyptian harp. Although it is absolutely against the rule of the Khoran for musical instruments to be employed in divine service, the dervishes have always managed to use them.

The extraordinary ceremony which gives its name to the dancing, or, as they should be more appropriately called, the turning dervishes, is not without its meaning. The community first pray for their past sins, and the amendment of their future lives; and then, after a silent supplication for strength to work the change, they figure, by their peculiar movements, their anxiety to "shake the dust from their feet," and to cast from them all worldly ties.

As I could not reconcile myself to

believe that the custom could have grown out of mere whim, I took some pains to ascertain its meaning, and so visited their chapel several times to ascertain whether the ceremonies altered on different days, but I remarked no change.

Immediately after passing with a solemn reverence, twice performed before the high priest, who remains standing, the dervishes spread their arms, and commence their revolving motion; the palm of the right hand being held upwards, and that of the left turned down. Their under-dress, displayed when they doff their cloaks, consists of a jacket and petticoat of dark-colored cloth, descending to the feet; the higher order of brethren are in white or green, and the others in brown, or a sort of yellowish grey; about their waists they wear wide girdles, edged with red. Their petticoats are of immense width, and laid in large accoridian plaits beneath the girdle, giving a mushroom-like appearance as the wearers swing round.

The number of those who were "on duty," for I know not how else to express it, the last time I watched them, was nine, seven of them being men, and the remaining two mere boys. Nine, eleven, and thirteen are the mystic numbers which, however great the strength of the community, are never exceeded, and the remaining members of the brotherhood, during the evolutions of their companions, continue engaged in prayer within the enclosure. The beat of the drum in the gallery marked the time to which the revolving dervishes moved, and the effect was singular to a degree that baffles description. So true and unerring were their motions, that, although the space which they occupied was somewhat circumscribed, they never once gained upon each other, and for five minutes they continued twirling round and round, as though impelled by machinery, their pale, passionless countenances perfectly unmoved, their heads slightly declined towards the right shoulder, and their inflated garments creating a cold, sharp draught in

the chapel from the rapidity of their action. At the termination of that period, the name of the Prophet occurs in the chant, which had been unintermitting in the gallery, and, as they simultaneously pause, and, folding their hands upon their breasts, bend down in reverence at the sound, their ample garments wound about them at the sudden check, and gave them for the moment the appearance of mummies.

An interval of prayer followed, and the same ceremony was performed three times, at the termination of which they all tumbled prostrate. Then those who had hitherto remained spectators flung their cloaks over them, and he who knelt on the left of the chief priest rose, and with a rapid and solemn voice, delivered a long prayer divided into sections, prolonging the last word of each sentence by the utterance of "Ha-ha-ha," with a rich depth of octave that would not have disgraced Edouard de Reské.

This prayer is for "the great ones of the earth"—the magnates of the land—all who are "in authority over them;" and at each name all bowed their heads upon their breasts, until that of the sultan was mentioned, when they once more fell flat upon the ground, to the sound of the most awful howl I ever listened to.

If the ceremonies of the *Turning Dervishes* are graceful and inoffensive, those of the *Howling Dervishes*, though exceedingly interesting, are equally repulsive. The first person to begin the office is the cheikh, who wears a vivid crimson robe and squats down in front of the *mihrab*, on either side of which burn two small braziers, occasionally fed with incense. Then the musicians assemble and sit in a circle; at the other end of the room, against the wall, a number of members of the congregation and dervishes arrange themselves in a row. Then the ceremonies commence. The musicians bang away on the cymbals and tambourines, and begin to cry out as loud as they can "Allah Ekber, Allah Ekber!" The devotees who loll up against the wall also begin to roar

in cadence and rhythm, keeping the measure with their feet, and swaying their bodies to and fro. Louder and louder they cry until their excitement rises to literal frenzy. Their eyes seem to start out of their heads, their mouths foam, and in about an hour after the exercises are begun, several of them tumble on to the floor rolling in epileptic fits. When the excitement is at its height, several mad men and women are brought in and laid gently before the cheikh, who tramples on them very lightly with both his feet. On one occasion I saw a poor woman, who was evidently dangerously mad, catch hold of the cheikh's legs and almost pull him down. She was removed immediately with great difficulty by no less than four men. Meanwhile the howling continued more deafening than ever. Little children were brought in and laid down to receive the pressure of the holy foot. A spruce young officer prostrated himself and was similarly treated. By this time the dervishes at the upper end of the room had lost all control of themselves.

The cymbals twanged and crashed, the tambourines and drums were banged with tremendous force, and the whole frantic congregation was screaming as if possessed, "Allah Ekber, Allah Ekber!" As a grand finale to this scene of wild excitement, a little and very officious dervish made his appearance carrying a brass dish containing a sharp knife, a live snake, and a small red-hot poker, which he presented to the cheikh, who, holding the dish in his hands, advanced to the upper part of the chamber, and actually stabbed one young epileptic with the knife from cheek to cheek; another frantically seized upon the snake and began to bite it, but nobody seemed inclined to touch the red-hot poker, for that remained unused on the dish to the end. I am not sure that the man ate the serpent up, but I am perfectly certain that I saw the young man whose cheeks had been pierced, ten minutes after the ceremony looking perfectly well, and with the deep wound in his cheeks already beginning to heal. A more

diabolic or outlandish exhibition I never beheld in my life, but I am assured that it is trifling compared with what takes place in the less modernized cities of the interior.

On a lovely May day, after a lunch at Roberts' College, which can boast one of the most beautiful views in the world, my attention was directed by Dr. Washburn, the learned principal, to a neat-looking villa situated on the heights above the Bosphorus and the ruins of the castle of Mahomet II. This building is the Teklé of the Bektachi dervishes, the most influential and enlightened of all the orders. Half an hour afterwards I stood in front of their abode. A pleasant-looking old Turkish gentleman was seated in front of the door smoking a chibouck. I saluted him, and he, in reply, offered me a cup of coffee and begged me to be seated. He turned out to be D. Pasha, one of the chiefs of the order and a good French scholar. From what he told me and from what I afterwards found out for myself, the order of Bektachi was founded by Hadji-Bektachi-Veli, who had retired early in the eleventh century to a cave on Mount Olympus, where he lived and died in the odor of sanctity. The commencement of this order was exceedingly humble, but it rapidly grew in importance until it became the most influential of all. For many centuries it was composed exclusively of military men, and was exceedingly orthodox. The dervishes who are mentioned in history as accompanying the Turkish army, and who took such a prominent part in the siege of Constantinople, were undoubtedly Bektachi. But early in the eighteenth century a certain Fazil Bey visited Paris, and formed the acquaintance of Voltaire and the other philosophers of the period. After many years' absence on his return to Turkey he reformed the order, and introduced into it certain advanced theories which are distinctly heretical. Whilst recognizing the existence of the Supreme Being, the Bektachi says no prayers whatever, and the speeches made at their meetings are purely of a philosophic,

literary, political, and scientific character. It is even said that they are affiliated to some of the French Masonic Lodges. One thing is certain: the order consists almost exclusively of gentlemen of education belonging to the liberal or Young Turkey party. Hence, as may be imagined, the Bektachi are not smiled upon by the sultan, but he has never been able to suppress them. They have survived the Janissaries, of which order they at one time formed a part. At the present moment they are not numerous, but they are undoubtedly very influential, on account of the high character and education of their principal members. They have no Teklé in Constantinople proper, and the one at Rumelli Hissar is constantly watched by the police and by palace spies. In conclusion, and in connection with this order of dervishes, I will relate a funny anecdote of Sultan Mahmûd II. Rival orders of dervishes had endeavored their best to induce the sultan to suppress the Bektachi, which, to tell the truth, he was not at all reluctant to do. His Majesty, however, determined to put the undesirable brethren to a test. He accordingly gave a great banquet, to which he invited all the principal dervishes in Constantinople. What was the surprise of his guests to find that each was supplied with a spoon having a handle a couple of yards long. How on earth were they to eat their pilaf? They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders, and wondered what it could mean. "Come, come," cries the sultan from his throne at the upper end of the room, "why do you not eat your pilaf?" The dismayed looks of the dervishes plainly indicated the puzzled condition of their minds. Suddenly, to the intense amusement of the commander of the Faithful and of the company, the Bektachi began to feed each other mutually across the table with their giant spoons. "Bravi," cried the Padischah, clapping his hands with delight, "you are indeed progressive and sensible men, O Bektachi, and I shall not suppress your order to please these idiots who are so dull of comprehension."

It is remarkable that historians, and even modern diplomats, have bestowed scarcely any attention on this very influential order of dervishes, which has played, and still plays, so prominent a part in the Revolutionary Movement in Turkey.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
REQUIEM.

BY PONTA DA LENHA.

I.

There was a railway being constructed at St. Andrews.

Not that that worthy burgh was at the time we are speaking of destitute of such evidence of civilization. It was accessible by means of a line which, meandering leisurely round among the coast towns of Fife, came in due course to Leuchars, and thence, while proceeding on its way to Dundee, sent a kind of back-handed offshoot to reach, in such circuitous fashion, the remote and secluded seat of learning. Travelling thus, you arrived there from Edinburgh (according to one highly respectable authority) in a space of time only slightly longer than that in which you might have walked it.

But this was a new line—a branch line connecting St. Andrews with some of those picturesque, sleepy little coast towns hitherto untouched by the railway; and, naturally, its construction entailed a considerable increase, for the time being, in the population of the burgh. The navvies made the streets noisy on Saturday nights, and filled the public houses to overflowing. They fluttered the nerves of timid elderly ladies who had been dining out, or attending missionary meetings in the evening; their presence was felt, with a not wholly unpleasant horror, to be a wholesale invasion of the dangerous classes; and benevolent people made attempts to "reach" (and presumably improve) them by preaching to them and giving them teas, the latter process being looked upon as a stepping-stone to the former.

They were a mixed lot, these "men and brethren" whom the well-meaning tea-givers examined through their eyeglasses as a possibly not altogether noxious, but certainly unknown and curious species of animal. There were those who possessed brute strength, but little else, whether intellect or moral sense, and who, when not at work, were nearly always drunk, and frequently quarrelling. There were others, good-natured giants, who were honest, if not clever, went peaceably and soberly about their daily task, and saved their money for wives at a distance; and others again—more numerous, I am afraid, than the last—honest and good-natured enough, but cursed with a constitutional inability to keep sober. There was the skilled workman who had fallen lower and lower through drink till forced to take any job he could get. And there were some, here and there, who could not formerly have been classed as workmen of any sort—who had once owned names which they had dropped and would have been glad to forget—who had come to this because:—

Faith, we went the pace, and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while we had the ready tin;
But to-day the—ganger's—something less than kind!

Sometimes one of these would meet another in whose eyes he read a fate like his own. But they always shrank from each other and passed on.

But there was one who could not be referred to any of these classes, if such they can be called. (I don't much believe in classifying people according to types; in the last resort every individual would require a class to himself.) He stood alone, and was more or less of a mystery to any one who took the trouble to observe him; for while it was perfectly clear that he was no navvy, unless by right of a very recent assumption of the character, there were striking differences between him and the "gentlemen rankirs" referred to above. He was a man of education, evidently—in fact, it would not be too much to say, of learning—yet he did

not give the impression of having a black and bitter past behind him. On the contrary, he was cheerful—sometimes uproariously so; but he was never known to get drunk, or, in fact, to be under the influence of liquor at all. And the fallen gentleman, as a rule, drinks—small blame to him, perhaps.

Can you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

This man was Irish, like many of his fellows, and usually affected a brogue which, as one has expressed it, "you might have hung your hat on." He was of middle height and sturdy build; possessed, too, of great strength; blue-eyed and sandy-haired, the lower part of his face almost hidden by a short, bushy beard. His complexion—what was visible of it—was a rich brick-red; but those who had the opportunity (which did not often occur) of seeing him in a good light, without the big slouched felt hat which he generally wore, noticed, first, that his forehead was not only very white, but of the height and width which lead one to expect an intellect above the average; and, secondly, that, though the slightly curling hair was still brown and thick, there was a curious bald spot on the crown of the head. It was whispered that he was a priest who had gone mad and taken to a vagabond life. He called himself Finnerty, and his mates had, of their own accord, dubbed him "Pat."

Some of the navvies lodged in the town, but the greater number lived in a huge shanty or "bothy," built within a short distance of the line. These collectively engaged the services of an elderly and stalwart Irish widow to cook their meals and wash their shirts. There was a similar bothy at a village some six miles away, whence another gang, working towards the town, were bringing a fresh instalment of the line to meet that which was gradually advancing from it.

It was in the "bothy" that Pat Finnerty, so called, laid his head at night, and a queer character its inmates voted him. He would sometimes spend his evenings strolling along the shore, in a way which conclusively established

the fact of his being "a bit cracked," if not absolutely insane; for, especially on moonlight nights, he would frequently prolong his rambles so far as only to return when the whole establishment was asleep, and what man in his senses would do that after a hard day's work? Then, again, he possessed some most unusual portable property—no less than a violin (a good one, too, if they had known it) and two or three books in queer outlandish characters—and sometimes, when it was not in his humor to wander abroad, he would sit on the edge of his bed-place (the sides of the building were fitted with bunks, like a ship's cabin) and play weird tunes on the one, or study the others by the light of a tallow candle stuck in a bottle, till the navvies felt quite uncanny, and the more superstitious among his countrymen crossed themselves.

But he did not invariably act thus. Sometimes he joined with cheery good-fellowship in the conversation; and, without for a moment assuming a preaching tone, or seeming other than one of themselves, he insensibly introduced a purer atmosphere into the bothy. The talk there was apt not only to be garnished with oaths, but to consist of matter quite worthy of such garnish. Nobody could remember to have heard Pat utter a word of rebuke, or in any way "bear testimony," as some people call it; but every man there knew that he did not like that sort of thing, and very soon it became the fashion to discontinue it in his presence. They liked him, in spite of the "creepy" feeling he sometimes inspired—he had the genial good-humor of his race, and when he laid himself out to be sociable he was simply irresistible. He would play and sing to them—he possessed a mellow baritone voice and an endless repertory of songs, sentimental and humorous; he would tell Irish stories that made the most saturnine hold their sides. Even when he was only bearing his part in the general talk, his ready wit and keen repartee—keen, yet always kindly—were the life of the party; and more than one dull brain began to get a hazy, glimmering of the notion that it was

possible to be "jolly" without "going on the spree," as that process is generally understood. And they were filled with a kind of rough pity at the sight of those occasional fits of silence and dejection, which they attributed to the influence of his supposed mental disorder.

He was on friendly terms with all, more or less; yet there was a certain something about him which precluded any of those free and easy intimacies which men, thrown together in rough circumstances, are apt to fall into. No one felt that he could venture to question him about his private affairs or his past; they felt, without being able to explain or define the feeling, that this man, who treated them all so frankly as comrades—even brothers—was yet, in some ways, infinitely far away from them—all of them, that is to say, but one.

This one was down on the overseer's books as George Collins, though nobody who ever gave the matter a thought supposed that to be his real name. After all, who cared whether he had a real name, or what it was, or why he did not choose to be known by it? He was usually known as "Crusty," an abbreviation of "Upper Crust," a name which combined a reference to an evident descent in the social scale on his part with an implied allusion to his fastidiousness, reticence, and scarcely disguised dislike of their society. No one cared to inquire into the history which probably lay behind him. Men with histories more or less serious were not uncommon in the railway gangs, and this one had none of the attractions and interesting points which stimulated curiosity in the case of the mad Irish priest.

George Collins never made himself remarkable in any way by his conduct. He neither got drunk nor quarrelled with any one, nor otherwise called for notice. He was not strong, and scarcely equal to the work; but he had contrived to struggle through so far, and meant to keep on as long as he could. Perhaps he hoped that one day strength and life would fall together.

He might have been six or seven and

twenty. His face had been handsome, and still bore a look of refinement; but hardship and anxiety had left their traces all too distinctly, and he habitually wore a half sullen, half terrified expression.

There were those, less forbearing and inoffensive than himself, to whom his want of sociability appeared in the light of a standing insult, and who would decidedly have preferred a quarrelsome to a silent companion; but against these he had secured an efficient protector ever since the day of "Pat Finnerty's" arrival. That eccentric person stood up for him at the very first opportunity, and thus earned his lasting gratitude; and the two soon drew together. The wit, intellect, and scholarship which pierced, every now and then, through the Irishman's quaint disguise, could not escape the eye of an educated man, though by the coarse, untrained minds which surrounded him they were confounded with the crack-brained vagaries of a harmless madman. Collins was not a specially intellectual man, but he could feel all this, and appreciate still more the gentle heart and the warm sympathy for every living thing which Finnerty could no more disguise than the star can help shining. They had never hitherto said very much to each other, but the lonely, dispirited young fellow clung to the Irishman as his only friend.

It was a burning day in August. For once in a way there had been a whole week without either rain or east wind—the wind which drives delicate mortals to fires and fur capes in the middle of July—and the inhabitants of St. Andrews felt as if they were enjoying quite a tropical summer. Collins got through his work that day with a heavy heart. He was not strong, as we have said, though of late he had been getting more accustomed to the labor. Perhaps, too, the exercise in the open air and Finnerty's cheerful companionship, which raised his spirits and took him out of himself, had combined to do him good. But to-day he felt overpowered by a physical exhaustion such as he had not felt for long. His head swam, and when from time to time he

was forced to stop and take breath his knees shook under him. Once or twice he felt near fainting, but he pulled himself together by a determined effort. He was not going to "give himself away" like that before his mates, whose rough chaff even now fell on his ear, though he paid no attention to it. Finnerty was nowhere near; he happened to be working on another part of the line that day. Collins had missed him a good deal of late—he had absented himself from the bothy several evenings in succession, little knowing what a difference it made to one lonely man. He struggled on, with aching back and burning throat, and repeated to himself mechanically from time to time some lines he had heard somewhere long ago:—

Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At the last it ringeth to evensong.

They had come floating into his mind—he knew not whence—and the ring of them pleased him somehow.

At last the day was over. The men trooped noisily back to the bothy, like boys just out of school, tired and hot as they were. Collins followed more slowly, but quickened his listless pace a little as he looked round for Finnerty; but Finnerty was nowhere to be seen. He was in that state of mind—or rather of nerves—when even a slight disappointment seems to darken our whole sky. He knew that he would probably find his friend at the bothy a little later; but he had reckoned on meeting him just then, and on the walk back together, and, for the moment, to his tired brain the whole universe seemed out of gear.

But when he reached the bothy Finnerty was not there. A fresh detachment arrived. He looked through them eagerly, then turned aside; and, slipping away from the preparations for supper which were going on, sat down on his bunk in the corner, feeling sick and wretched. They were talking excitedly. He paid no heed to their words at first; then a sentence here and there forced itself on his ear, and as he began to attach a meaning to the words his heart stood still. There had been

an accident a little way up the line. A trolley loaded with earth had somehow been upset, and had fallen down the side of the embankment. Two men had been in the way, and were badly injured. No, there were three. One was killed. They had taken them to the hospital. Who were they? Tyne-side Bill was one; the others— The buzz of talk grew louder. Collins only caught Finnerty's name. He could bear it no longer. He hurried out, his weariness quite forgotten, and began walking as quickly as he could towards the place where he understood the accident to have happened. People were standing about in groups, talking excitedly, but he did not stop to listen. Intent only on reaching the spot, he did not notice a man coming from another direction, who hastened towards him and caught him by the arm, saying:—

"Indeed, and where are ye after hurrying to now?"

"Oh! it's you!" cried Collins, catching his breath. "I thought— They told me— Where have you been all this time?"

"Is it a ghost you've been seeing, George, me boy?" asked Finnerty, looking at him narrowly. "Is it meself you were looking for? I've only been with some of the boys to take Simmons to the hospital. The doctor says he's broken one of the bones in his arm; but it's not a bad break, and he'll be all right before very long."

"And you're not hurt?" asked Collins.

"The sorrow a bit! barrin' that meself and two other fellows got a hape of dirt spilt on us, that knocked us clane down; but no harm done. Come now, or we'll not get anything to ate. You're not looking well," he suddenly added, as he turned to get a better view of his companion's face.

"I've not been feeling well to-day, but I'm better now. It's the heat, I think."

Finnerty was clamorously greeted as he entered, and assailed with a hundred questions as to the accident and its causes and effects, which he answered as well as he could for some time, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Och, thin! get away wid yez; ye'll be the death of me. Where's the tay?"

Collins drank a cup of tea, as soon as he could get it, with feverish eagerness, and, yielding to his friend's persuasions, tried to eat; but Mrs. Flanagan's fried bacon and eggs failed to tempt him, though hot off the fire, and as soon as he could he slipped away and threw himself on his bed.

"Play us a spring, Paddy," was the general request when the somewhat irregular meal was over; and "Paddy," nothing loth, produced his violin, and, sitting down on the edge of his bunk, struck into "Tullochgorum." Then he played another tune, and yet another—jigs and reels and strathspeys—and by and by he forgot all about his audience, and went on, long after they were snoring in their respective bed-places, playing soft, dreamy music to himself. And as he played, his face—if any had been there to look at it—was no longer the face of Pat Finnerty, navvy, but the face of Lawrence Ahearne, T.C.D., first of his year in classics, of whom one of the professors had once said, "If that fellow doesn't end in an asylum, I expect it will be in a Trappist monastery."

They were not all asleep, however. He was stopped in the middle of a chord in the "Dark Rosaleen" by becoming aware that some one had sat down on the ground beside him, and was leaning his head against his knee.

"Is it you, my boy?" he asked softly, as he continued his playing.

"Yes. Thank God you came back safe. I can't do without you."

The Irishman did not answer; but as the low notes died away on the air, his hand—a strong, capable, tender hand, though roughened by weeks of pick and shovel—stole down to the bowed head, touched the cheek caressingly, and rested on George Collins's shoulder. The shoulder heaved and quivered, as though he were trying not to sob.

"My boy, what is it, then?"

"Oh! I know you think me a miserable idiot! I have wanted you so these last few days—I can't tell you how! And I should so like you to know—everything."

Ahearne did not answer at once. He

lifted his hand from Collins's shoulder, took up the bow again, and went on playing—very softly and gently at first, but by degrees a little louder. Then, without ceasing to play, he whispered, "Are you too tired to come outside?"

"No."

"We can't be quiet in here. I don't know that they're all asleep, and any way it wouldn't do to wake them. Go out presently, without making any noise, and walk towards the Ladebraes. I'll follow you, in a little."

There was silence, broken only by the low, passionate strains of the music. After a while a shadow seemed to move along the building, and slip out at the door. Ahearne played on:—

Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!

and so on, with a repressed intensity which any one hearing him might well have been excused for supposing to betoken forgetfulness of all else. But in about ten minutes he ceased, listened intently, and then noiselessly put away his violin and followed Collins out into the night.

He soon overtook him, and slipped an arm through his, and, without speaking, they walked on together along the high path beside the burn. It was scarcely dark, and the summer gloaming still dimmed the stars in the sky; but the Ladebraes walk was quite deserted, and no one could have wished for a place better suited to a quiet, confidential talk.

Father Lawrence had, of course, heard plenty of confessions in his time; and it occurred to him as just possible that he might make matters easier for Collins by giving him to understand that he was, so to speak, officially empowered to listen to people's troubles and difficulties. But he dismissed the idea at once—and that not only, or chiefly, for the sake of keeping his secret. He was one of the most sympathetic men alive, and nothing gave him greater delight than to help, advise, and comfort, if he could—though his consolations were apt to take unexpected and perhaps unconventional

forms. But the confessional had always been to him, more or less, a thing of dread and horror. He disliked the element of officialism in it—the knowledge that he was to listen to tales of sorrow and sin, not from any personal sympathy, but only because it belonged to his profession to do so. It is one thing to tell your wrong-doing to a friend you trust in—or even to a man you have never seen before, but in whom an instinctive feeling of human fellowship gives you confidence, and to whom you would listen with equal readiness if he came to you in his sore need—another to confide in a man to whom, good as he may be, it is all more or less a matter of routine, and who is obliged to keep sympathy and counsel on tap, as it were, for all comers. No—Father Lawrence hated the whole business, though it had been long before he admitted as much, even to himself; and now that he was able to talk with his fellows simply, as man to man, he could not turn back, even in thought, to the slavery from which he had escaped.

They walked on in silence for some time, and then sat down on one of the seats which are to be found at intervals along the path. Collins drew close to his companion, as if he felt lonely. This man's mere presence seemed to give him strength and courage. After a few minutes he raised his head, and said, with an effort:—

"Did you ever think I was *wanted* for anything?"

"Well, it *has* occurred to me——"

"I have been—for the last nine months. Did you ever hear of the Glen Farraghu murder case?"

"Yes."

"Well—I'm that man."

"Carrington?"

"Yes. But I didn't do it. At least—yes—God help me!—I killed him, but it was an accident. I knew no one would believe me, so I bolted. It's such a wild story—you won't believe it when you hear it."

"Let me hear it," said the grave, gentle voice beside him. "Tell me all about it."

He hesitated a little, as if uncertain how to begin. Lawrence Ahearne possessed himself of the cold, limp hand, and held it in a kindly grasp. He pulled himself together, and went on:—

"I never was much good, that I know of. People rich—had a good education—went to Oxford, and all that sort of thing—wasted my time, as a lot of other fellows do. My father had made money in the City. He died five years ago, and then they found he'd been speculating, or something—I don't know—anyhow the money was all gone. I had to leave college, of course—and a friend of his got me a situation as clerk in a bank. There were no more of us—at least only my half-sister, who is married and lives in Australia. I've no relations—to speak of—at least, none that care anything about me.

"Well, I muddled along somehow at the bank. I hated the work, and was lazy and unpunctual, and sometimes came very near being sacked—only then I got a scare, and would do a little better for a time. I didn't get into any really bad scrapes—I mean about accounts and that sort of thing, but I always spent my screw before I got it, and did a little betting—not very much, but enough to keep me always in debt. Well—all that's nothing to the purpose—only I was drifting loose, one might say; and I don't know where I might have brought up in the end.

"Last summer I got my three weeks' holiday, as usual, just at a time when I didn't know which way to turn for duns. I thought I'd get right away from them—it would be some breathing-time at least—for I was utterly wearied and miserable, and I had ready money enough to take me to the Highlands. I didn't tell any one in particular where I was going. I had no friends—not to call friends. There were some fellows that used to go to the races and the Alhambra with me, and I owed most of them money. Some of them owed me, but they never thought of paying. I went to an out-of-the-way part of Inverness-shire that I'd happened to hear of, because I thought that I

shouldn't be likely to meet any one I knew—and I didn't. I stayed most of the time at a little inn not far from Rothiemurchus. It was a wet season, and there were hardly any other tourists there—only one that I saw much of. You know his name."

"Lyndon?"

"Yes"—he gave a shudder—"Victor Lyndon. We got acquainted, somehow, by accident; and I liked him from the first. He was very kind to me."

He remained lost in thought for a minute, as if recalling the memories of that short friendship, and then went on:—

"He seemed to wake one up—to make one feel how different a man might be from what I was—he made me hate myself. I remember I had felt like that, now and then, in the old Oxford days, but it never came to anything; and it had all died away long before I met Lyndon. If it had been in London, in the midst of the set I'd got into, I dare say I should have feared and disliked him, and tried to laugh at him; but there, alone with him, it was different. I got to love him. I told him everything about myself—that is, of course, not my actual—you know—money difficulties. He knew I was a bank clerk and couldn't afford to travel as much or as expensively as he—no more. I forgot to say he was well off—in fact, rich.

"I'm making too long a story of it. One day—it was near the end of my time, and tolerably fine as the weather went just then—we agreed to go a long tramp together. We walked to—I forget the name of the hill, but it's not one of the very high ones—ascended it, and came down into the glen on the other side.

"That glen was about the dreariest place I ever saw in my life. Not a sign of human habitation—not even a sheep to be seen anywhere. The clouds were gathering, and the wind was beginning to blow cold—everything looked chill and grey and desolate. We meant to strike a village some miles further on, near the head waters of the trout-stream which ran past our inn, and so,

following it down, get back some time the next day.

"I'm not a first-rate walker, but I'd been getting into fair training of late, and thought myself quite up to this expedition. But as we came down the north slope of the hill I began to wonder how I was going to get over the ten or twelve miles that lay before us. I was determined to say nothing, and struggle on as best I could.

"We were coming down one of those slopes where loose stones lie piled on top of each other several feet deep—you know them, I dare say—when Lyndon remarked, 'Awkward place this for a fall. If a man were alone he might lie here with a broken leg till he died, for I don't see where he could get any help.' He was a little in front of me, for I couldn't keep up with him; my head felt dizzy, and my footing on those stones was uncertain. Once he said to me, 'Take care, Carrington; if you send one of those stone on top of me you'll have to carry me the rest of the way—that's certain!' I tried to step more carefully, but in spite of that I sent a small stone rolling down, which nearly hit him. He looked back and said, 'I say, can't you keep up, or at any rate go to one side? It's not exactly reassuring to a fellow to have you behind him.' I was tired and irritable; I lost my temper and said, 'Hang it! I can't keep up!' and stopped for a minute. Just then something—I forget what—made me turn round to look up the hill behind me. In doing so I missed my footing; I felt the stones sliding from under me and rattling all round me; I must have fallen several feet, and in the middle of it all I heard a cry."

Carrington's voice failed, and Ahearne felt him trembling all over with nervous excitement. He pressed the hand he held encouragingly.

"My boy—my poor boy!—go on—tell me everything."

"I got up, bruised and half stunned. I looked round, and saw Lyndon lying on the stones with his head down-hill. I called him—he did not speak or move. I ran to him as fast as I could. None of the stones had fallen on him, but he

lay quite still. I went and lifted him in my arms. He had fallen with his head against a stone—a stone with a sharp, splintered point to it, that had struck him just on the temple. But I couldn't believe he was dead—I couldn't realize it. I don't know how long I sat there, with his head on my knees, moistening his lips from my flask, and chafing his hands, and calling him—over and over again. If he could only have spoken to me, once. I thought—if only the last words I said to him hadn't been—"

The voice broke down in a sob, and he hid his face against his companion's shoulder.

"My poor fellow!" said Ahearne slowly. "I don't doubt he knows all about it now, and has forgiven what there was to forgive, long ago. Go on—what did you do then?"

"I suppose I lost all consciousness of time. I couldn't have told whether five minutes or five hours had passed, when I seemed to come to myself with a start and knew there was no hope—that he was dead. It must have been a long time though, for the light had changed and the air was growing damp and chilly, and when I felt his limbs they were already stiff and cold. His face was not dreadful to look at—it had not been injured, except for that black bruise on the temple—the eyes were closed, and the expression very peaceful. I think I must have been off my head for a little—well, never mind; I came to at last, and knew there was no hope—he was dead.

"And then a horrible dread came over me—a madness of fear—worse than the other. What if they were to find me alone with the body? What account could I give at the inn? Who would believe my story? I could not think clearly, but it all rushed on my brain together: they would think I had murdered him for his money. Of course I lost my head completely, or I should have known I was doing the most idiotic thing a man could do; but my one idea then was to hide the body and destroy all traces. I never had any great muscular strength; but just then,

in the terror and excitement, I felt as if I were made of iron. I got Lyndon's body on my shoulders, and carried it for some yards, to the foot of a large rock with an overhanging ledge on one side. I pushed it as far under as I could. I remember I put his handkerchief over his face and said, 'Good-bye, Lyndon' and then I built up loose stones round it till it was quite hidden. Then I went back to see if there was any trace of blood on the stones. I did not think there was, for, though the skin was off in some places, the wound had not bled much. But in my insane fright I thought there *might* be. I crawled along with my face close to the ground, grasping and rubbing at every dark spot I saw; but I could find nothing. Then, all of a sudden, I felt I was utterly tired out. It wouldn't do to faint and be found there; I must go on as best I could—anywhere, only not back to Rothiemurchus. I don't know to this day where I wandered to; it was a lonely cabin hidden away among the hills; I fancy there was an illicit still connected with it, but of course I asked no questions, and the people asked none of me. They sheltered me and were kind to me. Since then I've wandered up and down the country, sometimes working as a cattle-drover, once as a dock-hand in Glasgow, sometimes herding with tramps and sleeping in the workhouse—till at last I drifted here. Sometimes I wonder I haven't gone to the bad altogether; at least you'll say, perhaps, I *have*, but—"

"No. I know what you mean. Being down on one's luck isn't the same as going to the bad. And I think I know what, in God's mercy, kept you back."

"What?"

"Wasn't it the thought of—of your dead friend?"

"Just that. I thought—well, I can't express it—but if it had not been for that I should have been utterly desperate. Now you know it all. I've often wondered whether you would speak to me, if—"

"Is it speak to you, alanna? Why, it makes no difference at all in the world, except"—he went on in a lower

tone—"to make me want to help you more than ever."

"Then—you believe what I've told you?"

"I do that—every word."

Then there was a long silence, which was broken at last by Ahearne.

"Come, I think we'd best go back. You're not well, I know, and you shouldn't be out too long in the night air. Come away."

II.

The summer had passed into autumn; a wet September had passed into a crisp, golden October. The navvies who had disturbed the quiet of St. Andrews were scattered to the four winds, or had gone to work on another section of the line, leaving the old town to settle down once more into its wonted ways. But these noisy, clay-smears birds of passage had left two of their number behind.

Carrington's health had been failing, more or less, ever since the evening of that conversation on the Ladebraes. At last he broke down altogether, though he struggled on as long as he could. Then "Pat Finnerty"—who spent so little of his pay that he was popularly supposed to have a hoard of gold coins in some secret hiding-place in the cliffs, or, according to another version, a hundred pounds in the bank—got him removed from the bothy to a room he had taken in the town, and hired a woman to look after him while he himself was at work. Whenever he was at home he watched beside him tenderly and untiringly, and after he had been paid off on the railway line he gave up most of his time to him. Now and then he got odd jobs of work here and there, but he was the less dependent on these, since not only was there some foundation for the wild reports of his fabulous savings, but he had brought with him from Ireland a small reserve fund, which was still untouched. The extra expenditure would not be needed long. The poor fellow was sinking fast; he had not much of a constitution, to begin with, and toil,

hard fare, exposure, and mental distress had done their work.

Ahearne could not regret it much—Carrington himself looked forward to the end with such an infinite sense of rest and relief. His friend had been somewhat puzzled when George, after telling his story, had asked for his advice. He saw little hope of his ultimate escape from the arm of the law so long as he remained in Scotland, for the police were still on the alert, though not much was said about the matter in print; and he dared not advise Carrington to give himself up, fearing that, with appearances so terribly against him, there could be no hope of a favorable issue to the trial. He had half formed a wild and vague plan of smuggling George over to Ireland, and hiding him away in some recess in the Kerry mountains; but it was hazardous, especially for a man in broken health, and, before he had elaborated it sufficiently to mention it to his friend, Destiny had stepped in with a surer solution of the problem.

Now that the tragic side of life had once more been forced on his attention, Ahearne was *tant soit peu* ashamed of the freak which had brought him hither, and into which he had flung his whole energies for the time being with something like a schoolboy's ardor. Still, it had resulted in his being able to hold out a helping hand to this poor fellow-mortal, and, so far, he could not complain.

The little room, in one of the "wynds" leading out of Market Street, faced eastwards, and, moreover, the light was shut out from it by a blank wall opposite. Coming in out of the glow and glory of an autumn sunset, Lawrence Ahearne could at first see nothing; he only heard a faint voice out of the gloom, "Is that you, old fellow?"

"How do you feel now?" asked the other, with a sudden pang of self-reproach. "Is it long you've been awake?"

"Oh, no! I slept beautifully till a few minutes ago, and I feel—I can't tell

you how—so much better; no pain, and quite clear in my head."

Ahearne went nearer and took his hand. His eyes were used to the dim light now, and he looked anxiously and searchingly into Carrington's face. Carrington lifted his thin hand and laid it on his friend's arm.

"Don't you be afraid," he said softly. "I'm not deceiving myself. I've no hopes of getting better. I expect this means that the end has come, and I'm very glad it should come like this."

He lay still, looking up into the quaint, rugged face he had learned to love beyond all other things on earth, and smiled with a wonderful gladness and content.

"I want you to promise me one thing. When I'm dead, if you should hear of any one being arrested for—for Lyndon's death, will you tell them what you know?"

Ahearne readily promised.

"I used to see the papers when I could. I saw they were after me, and hadn't made any arrests. If another man had got into trouble over it, of course I should have had to go and give myself up. But that's all over and done with now. This is our last night together, I guess. Let's have a jolly talk."

Ahearne tried to answer, but only choked.

"Oh! come now, it isn't as bad as all that! Didn't you as good as tell me the other night that it was by far the best thing that could happen to me? I thought you were right then, and I do now. And just think of all the bother that will be saved you. Why, you're getting quite worn out with work and watching. There, then, *do* let's talk of something else. Tell me what you *really* came to St. Andrews for, you old humbug."

Father Lawrence Ahearne looked up, somewhat taken aback by this sudden thrust, with—in spite of his real grief—a comical expression of dismay, at which Carrington laughed feebly.

"Yes," he went on, as soon as he got back his breath, "you don't imagine I ever took you for a real navy? Well,

there's not much to be said on that score—there were plenty of men in the same case, and the fewer questions asked the better. But nobody—not the greatest ass that ever lived—could have been with you as I have, and have thought you were *that* sort—"

"Take care, you mustn't tire yourself," said Ahearne gently. "Here, take this."

Carrington drank and lay back again, looking up into his friend's eyes with a smile. The other began slowly, with something very like embarrassment:—

"Indeed, and I think, myself, it was because I was a great, old fool. And yet—I'll tell you all about it if you care to hear."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Carrington, with an accent almost of pain. "I don't want you to tell me anything unless you wish. I was only teasing you, old chap! After all, if you hadn't come here, what should I have done?"

"If I've been of any use to you, alanna, I don't regret it. Yes—I suppose it's true. There's a divinity that shapes our ends. I didn't know what I was doing when I set out—no more I did! Well, here goes! Are you comfortable?"

He smoothed the pillow and arranged the bedclothes for his patient, and then began at the beginning and told him all—of the home in the Kerry mountains, the peasant father and mother, and the boy who had picked up a bit of schooling somehow, and was forever reading all the books he could lay hands on; of the pride they took in their "scholar," and the sacrifices they made to send him to Maynooth; how they wanted him to be a priest, and how he could not bend his thoughts to what seemed to him a maimed and prisoned life; and how, not satisfied with Maynooth, he tried for a Trinity College scholarship, and won it, and took a brilliant degree, and was looking forward to a fellowship, with perhaps a professorship in the distance—when the crash came. It was the daughter of one of the professors, and for her bright eyes he forgot everything—even

the Church he had been brought up in—and would have broken with father and mother, and all the associations of his youth, only she jilted him (so the world put it; he never blamed her, even in his thoughts, putting everything down to his own blind infatuation) and married the rich brewer's son. Then he went back to Kerry, humbled and broken-hearted, and for a time no man heard his name or knew what had become of him. Years after, rumors reached his old college that he had taken priestly vows and gone abroad. Later on, he was heard of now here, now there—once as librarian at the Vatican, then teaching at a college in France, then again as the parish priest of his native village in County Kerry. His name found its way into the proceedings of learned societies and on to the title-pages of magazines. Then he got into trouble with his spiritual superiors during the time of the Land League agitation, and a year or two of *tracasseries* and heart-break ended in his complete disappearance. That is the bare outside chronicle of the life whose inner history he now related to Carrington.

Carrington listened with the deepest interest. He seemed wonderfully bright and full of life to-night; only, now and then, his weakness overcame him, and he closed his eyes and lay back exhausted for a few minutes.

"It's quite like a novel," he said at last, when the Irishman had finished. "And what are you thinking of doing now? I suppose I ought to call you Father Ahearne, but—"

"For my sake don't, my boy! I'm only too glad to forget it myself. Don't let's go into that question. Our Church is the grandest Church in the world—I ought to say, the only one, for, of course, from a Catholic point of view, the others don't count—but, somehow, the less I hear about her and her hierarchy, and her organization, and her dogmas, and her all the rest of it, the better I like it and the better Christian I am. It's very little I can find about it all in the dear old book over there."

Carrington laughed—a very weak little laugh this time.

"I'm thinking what an orthodox Roman you are, old man!"

"Roman, is it? But—there, I can't argue it out. My head and heart are in such a muddle over it that I don't know clearly what I *do* think, let alone putting it into words. I'd give anything to get away from here—from Europe and civilization altogether, from bishops and confessionals and newspapers and churches, and the Sacred College, and things going wrong in poor old Ireland that I can do nothing towards putting right. And, faith, why shouldn't I? I'm not a Jesuit, nor a vowed monk of any kind, and I've got no parish to take care of. I may go where I like!"

"And where will you go—Central Africa?"

"I don't care! Africa, or Brazil, or the middle of Chinese Tartary, so long as no white man's ever been there before me. Nice, downright, howling cannibals of heathen, those are the boys for me! I needn't tell them anything about transubstantiation or invincible ignorance, or *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*, or anything else, but"—and his tone dropped from its half-bitter jocularly—"just that they have a Father in heaven who loves them, and that they mustn't tell lies and eat their neighbors."

"Do you know I believe you're just the man for that sort of thing? And you'll do it too! Some day you'll be packing up your violin and those two books of yours—your Greek Testament and your Mangan—and you'll disappear like Waring in that bit of Brown-ing's."

The night had worn on. The room was in black shadow—all but the little space illuminated by the candle on a table by the bedside. Carrington's face looked very white as the light fell on it.

"I've been letting you talk too much," said Ahearne remorsefully.

"No—it really did me good—but I'm a little tired now. Come closer. Don't let go my hand, will you?"

More than that: the strong arms were

under him, and held him up, and through the gathering darkness he heard the gentle voice at his ear.

"Don't be afraid, alanna!"

"No." His head sank restfully on Ahearne's shoulder. "To think—it does seem strange to think—of seeing Lyndon again."

"Can I do anything for you, my boy?"

"No, thanks—only—what was that again—you were playing—the other night—the words, I mean?"

By some quick instinct Ahearne guessed what he meant. He had more than once played Mozart's "Requiem" to him.

The deep, sweet accents fell on the stillness:—

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

"You've been a good friend to me. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, dear. God comfort you for all you have suffered. We shall meet again."

There was a long sigh, as of one sinking to sleep after release from pain. The candle had burnt down and was flickering in the socket. It lasted just long enough for Lawrence Ahearne to close his comrade's eyes.

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona nobis requiem.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
LORD DE TABLEY.

A PORTRAIT.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

It will not be disputed, I think, by any one who enjoyed the friendship of the third Lord De Tabley that no more singular, more complicated, more pathetic nature has been—I dare not say revealed—but indicated to us in these late times. His mind was like a jewel with innumerable facets, all

slightly blurred or misted; or perhaps it would be a juster illustration to compare his character to an opal, where all the colors lie perdue, drowned in a milky mystery, and so arranged that to a couple of observers, simultaneously bending over it, the prevalent hue shall in one case seem a pale green, in the other a fiery crimson. This complication of Lord De Tabley's emotional experience, the ardor of his designs, the languor of his performance, the astonishing breadth and variety of his sympathies, his intense personal reserve, the feverish activity of his intellectual life, the universality of his knowledge, like that of a magician, the abysses of his ignorance, like those of a child, all these contrary elements fused in and veiled by a sort of radiant dimness, made his nature one of the most extraordinary, because the most inscrutable, that I have ever known. Tennyson said to me of Lord De Tabley, in 1888, "He is Faunus; he is a woodland creature!" That was one aspect, noted with great acumen. But that was a single aspect. He was also a scholar of extreme elegance, a numismatist and a botanist of exact and minute accomplishment, the shyest of recluses, the most playful of companions, the most melancholy of solitaires, above all and most of all, yet in a curiously phantasmal way, a poet. It would need the hand of Balzac to draw together into a portrait threads so slight, so delicately elastic, and so intricately intertwined. When all should be said, however, in the most fastidious language, something would escape, and that would be the essential being of the strangest and the most shadowy of men.

I.

John Byrne Leicester Warren, the third and last Baron De Tabley, was born at Tabley House, Cheshire, on April 26, 1835. He was the eldest son, and his mother, Catherina Barbara, daughter of Jerome, Count De Salis, from whom he inherited his sensibility and his imagination, gave, I have heard, to the ceremony of his baptism some-

thing of a romantic character, his godfather, Lord Zouche, having brought water from the river Jordan for the christening. For the first twelve or thirteen years of his life, until he went to Eton, indeed, he lived mostly with his mother in the south of Europe, and faint impressions of this childish exile seemed to me always returning to him in later life.

In these early days in Italy and Germany the foundation was laid of his love of botany, coins, minerals, and fine art, by the companionship of his godfather, then Robert Curzon, who travelled with his parents, and who bought for them the beautiful Italian things—enamels, majolica, medals, and statuettes—which are now the ornament of Tabley House. He was a finished connoisseur, and in his company the little Johnny visited old shops and museums, eager to begin, at ten years old, a collection of his own. He was meanwhile being very carefully prepared for Eton.

In 1845 the death of his younger brother made centre about John Warren the hopes of the family, and no more male children were born to his father. From Eton he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. Among his close Oxford friends, there survive Sir Henry Longley, who is now his executor, and Sir Baldwyn Leighton, who, in 1864, became his brother-in-law. Henry Cowper, Lord Edward Clinton, and the late Lord Lothian were among his close companions. Prince Frederick of Holstein, who died some ten years ago, was a very great friend up to the last. But by far the dearest of his college-intimates was George Fortescue, a young man of extraordinary promise, a few weeks older than himself, who awakened in Warren the passion for poetry, and was all to him that Arthur Hallam was to Tennyson. Fortescue would, perhaps, have been a poet had he lived; at all events, the two friends wrote verses in secret, and, as shall presently be told, in secret published them. This delightful association, however, was suddenly snapped; on November 2, 1859, George Fortescue lost

his footing while climbing a mast on board the yacht of the late Earl of Drogheda in the Mediterranean, fell, and was killed. This incident was one from which John Warren never entirely recovered; after the first agony of grief he mentioned his friend no more, and would fain have obliterated his very memory.

Before this deplorable catastrophe, however, Warren had entered life. He had taken his degree in 1856, with a double second-class in classics and modern history. In the autumn of 1858 Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, going out to Turkey for the last time, to bid farewell to the sultan, was permitted to take with him three unpaid temporary attachés. He chose John Warren, Lord Sandwich (then Lord Hinchinbroke), and Mr. J. R. Swinton, the portrait-painter. The visit to Constantinople was, on the whole, fairly agreeable. Warren made the acquaintance of Lord Strangford, with whom he found himself infinitely in sympathy, and whose close friend he remained until Lord Strangford's untimely death. He went reluctantly, but Lord Strangford's companionship was a joy to him, and as numismatics were now the passion of his life, he was able to dig in the Troad for the coins of Asia Minor, and to scour the bazaars of Stamboul for Greek federal monies. The months spent in Turkey were not without stimulus and interest; unhappily he suffered from dysentery and had to come home. This disease he never entirely conquered; only the other day he wrote from Ryde, "I am just as bad as I was with the Cannings at Constantinople."

After his return to England, the shock of Fortescue's death at first unfitted him for all mental exertion. But he struggled against his unhappiness, continued his numismatic studies, seriously determined to become a poet, and began to see a little more of that Cheshire life, in his father's noble old house, which hitherto he had known so little. His talents attracted the attention of family friends and neighbors, such as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hough-

ton, with both of whom, but especially with the former, he became on intimate terms. He was called to the bar in 1860. The Cheshire Yeomanry had its headquarters in Tabley Park, and John Warren was first an officer in, and then captain of it, until he came into the title in 1887, when, to the regret of the neighborhood, he gave up this local interest. All these things will sound strange to those who only knew Lord De Tabley as a poet; still stranger to those who knew him as a man may sound the fact that in 1868, urged by his father, and under the particular aegis of Mr. Gladstone, he successfully contested Mid-Cheshire in the Liberal interest. What is less known is that, a little while before Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, Warren had determined to try for a seat again; but events presently converted him into a Liberal Unionist. At his father's second marriage, in 1871, he left his home in Cheshire, and went to reside in London.

In the later sixties, when he was more and more devoting himself to poetry and science, he was less of a recluse than at any other period of his life. After the publication of his "*Philoctetes*" in 1867, the late Lord Houghton introduced him to Tennyson, who was always a warm admirer of his poetry. Warren's acquaintance with Tennyson became almost intimate for seven or eight years, although he could not quite get over a certain terror of that formidable bard. (After 1880, I think, he never saw him). Several incidents, among which I will only mention the death of his mother in February, 1869, and of his sister, Lady Bathurst, in 1872, tended to deepen and irritate his melancholy, which had already become chronic when I first knew him in 1875. Successive annoyances and disappointments so fostered this condition, that about 1880 he practically disappeared. That was the beginning of the time to which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff refers, in the valuable and interesting notice of De Tabley which he contributed to the *Spectator* of December 7, when he says

that people declared "Warren has two intimate friends. The first he has not seen for five years, the second for six."

The death of his father, in 1887, roused him from his social lethargy. He found the estate practically insolvent, and only by the sacrifice of the whole of his private fortune, and the greatest economy during the remainder of his life, was he able to prevent the sale and secure the retention of the family mansion. In 1893 the success of his "*Poems*" gave him an instant of fame, which greatly comforted and cheered him. That year was probably, on the whole, the brightest of his life. But he was already looking old, and those who have seen him ever since at short intervals must have noticed how rapidly he was aging and weakening. When, this last summer, he lunched with me to meet Mr. Bailey, the author of "*Festus*," a man more than twenty years his senior, I could but wonder whether any stranger could have conceived Lord De Tabley to be the younger. All this autumn his face had the solemn Trophonian pallor, the look of the man who has seen death in the cave. Yet the end was unexpected. He was planning to spend the winter at Bournemouth with his sister, Lady Leighton, but lingered on, as his wont was, in his lodgings at Ryde. He was positively ill but a day or two, sinking rapidly, and passing away, without suffering, on November 22, 1895, in his sixty-first year. The coffin was brought to his beautiful home in Cheshire, and buried in the grass of Little Peover churchyard, where he had wished to lie. Earth from the Holy Land was sprinkled over him, and the grave was filled up with clods from a certain covert where he had loved to botanize. Such is the meagre outline of a life, whose adventures were almost wholly those of the soul.

II.

John Warren's first enterprise in the world of published poetry was a very shabby little volume, issued in 1859, under the title of "*Poems*. By G. F. Preston." This was the conjoint

pseudonym of two Oxford friends, of whom George Fortescue was the other. An obscurer volume scarcely exists, for nobody bought it, and almost every copy disappeared, or was destroyed. It is a mere curiosity, for it contains not a single piece that deserves to live, although it is curious to find in it several subjects and titles which Warren afterwards used again. Immense is the advance, in every direction, marked by "Praeterita," a volume entirely by Warren, published in 1863, under another pseudonym, "William Lancaster." The moment was not favorable for the issue of poetry of a contemplative and descriptive order. Mrs. Browning and Clough were lately dead; Tennyson, while preparing the "Enoch Arden" volume, had published nothing since "The Idylls of the King;" Matthew Arnold, who appeared to have given up the practice of poetry, in which no one encouraged him, was a professor at Oxford; Robert Browning had been silent since the cold reception of "Men and Women." It was a dead time, before the revival and wild revels of the Pre-Raphaelites. No verse that was not smoothly Tennysonian and mildly idyllic was in favor with the public.

Warren's modest volume had no success, nor is it probable that it has ever possessed more than a very few readers. Yet its merits should have been patent to at least one reviewer. The splendor of diction which was afterwards to distinguish his poetry Warren had not yet discovered. "Praeterita" is noticeable mainly for two qualities—for the close and individual observation of natural phenomena, in which not even Tennyson excelled Lord De Tabley, and for the technical beauty of the blank verse pieces, which are usually better made than the lyrical. Of the former of those qualities specimens may be given almost at random, as this of a frosty day in the country:—

When the waves are solid floor,
And the clods are iron-bound,
And the boughs are crystall'd hoar,
And the red leaf nailed aground;

When the fieldfare's flight is slow,
And a rosy vapor rim,
Now the sun is small and low,
Belts along the region dim;

When the ice-crack flies and flaws,
Shore to shore, with thunder shock,
Deeper than the evening daws,
Clearer than the village clock.

(De Tabley was, like Wordsworth, a bold and graceful skater, and used, it is said, to cut his own name in full on the ice of Tabley Lake without pausing); or this description of dawn:—

ere heaven's stubborn bar and subtle
screen
Crumbled in purple chains of sailing
shower
And bared the captive morning in his cell;
while his mosaic of delicate and minute
observation of aerial phenomena is
displayed in conjunction with the excel-
lence of his blank verse in this study of
"tremulous evening;"—

The weeds of night coast round her lucid
edge,
Yoked under bulks of tributary cloud;
The leaves are shaken on the forest
flowers,
And silent as the silence of a shrine
Lies a great power of sunset on the
groves.
Greyly the fingered shadows dwell be-
tween
The reaching chestnut-branches. Grey
the mask
Of twilight, and the bleak unmellow speed
Of blindness on the visage of fresh hills.

Here every epithet is felt, is observed; and the volume is full of such pictures and of such verse. Nevertheless, the book is not interesting; its beauties are easily overlooked, and we feel, in glancing back, that it gave an inadequate impression of its author's powers. Similar characteristics marked the volumes called "Eclogues and Monodramas" and "Studies in Verse."

Then came the publication of "Atlanta in Calydon," and Warren's eyes were dazzled with the emergence of this blazing luminary from the Oxford horizon, which he had himself so lately left.

Of Mr. Swinburne's influence on Warren's imagination, on his whole intellectual character, there can be no question. Personal influence there was none; he recollected, dimly, the brilliant boy at Eton, two years his junior; and once, in 1878, I persuaded these two men, of talents and habits of mind so diverse, to meet at dinner in my house; with that exception, and Warren was absolutely tongue-tied throughout the eventful evening, he never, I think, saw the poet whose work had so deeply ploughed up his prejudices and traditions. But he had been one of the very first to read "Atalanta," and he had tormented G. H. Lewes into a grudging permission to let him write about it in the *Fortnightly Review*. His article appeared, and was one of those which earliest called attention to Mr. Swinburne's genius; but Lewes, although Warren's criticism was signed, had toned down the ardor of it, and had introduced one or two slighting phrases. These editorial corrections poor Warren carried about with him, like open wounds, for, it is no exaggeration to say, thirty years, and to the last could never be reminded of Mr. Swinburne without a shudder at the thought of what he must think that Warren thought he thought. Alas! at times his life was made a perfect nightmare to him by reverberated sensibilities of this kind.

The importance of the stimulus given to Warren by Mr. Swinburne's early publications was seen in the metrical drama after the antique, "Philoctetes," printed in 1867. It was announced as "by M. A.," which meant Master of Arts, a further excess of anonymity, but which was interpreted as meaning Matthew Arnold, to the author's unfeigned dismay. This rumor—instantly contradicted, of course—gave a certain piquancy to the book, and this was the one of all Warren's early volumes which may be said to have received an adequate welcome. It was compared with "Merope," and its superiority to that frigid fiasco was patent. In "Philoctetes" Warren, undisturbed by the circumstance that Sophocles had

taken the same story for one of the most stately of his tragedies, undertook to develop the character of the wounded exile in his solitary cave in Lemnos, and under the wiles of Ulysses. In the poem of Sophocles no woman is introduced, but Warren created Ægle, a girl of the island, humbly devoted to Philoctetes. Instead of the beautiful, delicate figure of Neoptolemus, the modern poet makes Pyrrhus the companion of Ulysses, and omits Heracles altogether. This plot, indeed, is quite independent of that of Sophocles. He introduces a chorus of fishermen, who chant unrhymed odes, often of extreme beauty, in this manner:—

Pan is a god seated in Nature's cave,
Abiding with us,
No cloudy ruler in the delicate air-belts,
But in the ripening slips and tangles
Of cork-woods, in the bull-rush pits where
 oxen
Lie soaking, chin-deep;
In the mulberry-orchard,
With milky kexes and marrowy hem-
 locks,
Among the floating silken under-darnels.
He is a god, this Pan,
Content to dwell among us, nor disdains
The damp hot wood-smell;
He loves the flakey pine-boles sand-
 brown.

To give any impression of a tragical drama by brief extracts is impossible. But Warren put a great deal of himself into the soliloquies of the lame warrior, and few who knew him but will recognize a self-conscious portrait when Ulysses tells his companion that

Persuasion, Pyrrhus, is a delicate thing,
And very intricate the toil of words
Whereby to smoothe away the spiteful
 past
From a proud heart on edge with long
 disease;
For round the sick man, like a poison'd
 mist,
His wrongs are ever brooding. He can-
 not shake
These insects of the shadow from his
 brow
In the free bountiful air of enterprise.
Therefore expect reproaches of this man
And bitter spurts of anger; for much pain
Hath nothing healed his wound these
 many years.

The publication of "Philoctetes," however, marks a period of healing almost like that of the Lemnian hero's own return. The shy and self-distrusting poet was conscious of a warm tide of encouragement. From many sides greetings flowed in upon him. Tennyson, though deprecating the composition of antique choral dramas as not a natural form of art, applauded; Robert Browning was enthusiastic; Mr. Gladstone, an old family friend, was warm in congratulation. This was the one bright moment in Warren's early literary life; something like fame seemed to reach him for a moment, and his delicate, shy nature expanded in the glow of it. It passed as quickly as it came, and a quarter of a century was to go by, and nearly the whole remaining period of his life, before he tasted popular praise again.

Encouraged by this ephemeral success and applause, and under the stress of a violent and complicated private emotion, Warren wrote in 1868 another antique drama, his "Orestes," in my judgment the most completely satisfactory of his works, and the most original. It was not, however, well received. The classical reviewers were stupefied to discover that the hero was not the celebrated son of Agamemnon, but a wholly fictitious Orestes, "prince of the Larissæan branch of the Aleuadæ." This fact alienated sympathy while it puzzled the critics, who received with frigid caution a play the plot of which seemed to lay a trap for their feet. Why Warren, with characteristic lack of literary tact, chose the unhappy name of Orestes for his hero, I know not; when it was too late, he bewailed his imprudence. But the reception of this noble poem—which, some day or other, must be re-discovered and read—was one of the tragical events in Warren's life. This should, too, have been the moment for him to drop the veil and come forward in his real person; but all he could persuade himself to concede was a return to the old unmeaning pseudonym, "William Lancaster."

The neglect was trebly undeserved.

"Orestes" was one of the most beautiful poems that English literature produced between the generation of Arnold and that of Rossetti. The plot is simple, dignified, and dramatic, the verse strong and vivid, well-knit, and not of a too-waxy sweetness. There is a scene near the close—where Orestes, who has discovered that his mother, Dyseris, is dishonored in the love of Simus, an adventurer, turns upon her, breaking the chain of filial awe, and denounces her crimes to her face, going too far, indeed, and accusing her, falsely, of a design upon his own life—which is magnificent, with the stately, large passion of Racine. It is unfortunate that to quote intelligibly any of this species of poetry demands a wider space than can here be spared. But I hope that whatever revival of Lord De Tabley's poetry may be made, will without fail include "Orestes."

In the next years he essayed, still as William Lancaster, to write novels. He made no mark, though, I believe, a little money, by "A Screw Loose," 1868, and "Ropes of Sand," 1869. He returned to his true vocation in the volume of poems entitled "Rehearsals," 1870, when for the first time a title-page carried the full name John Leicester Warren. "Searching the Net" followed in 1873, and we may take these two books together, for they were identical in character, and they displayed the poet at his average level of execution. In these dramatic monologues, songs, odes, and sonnets we find a talent, which in its essence was exquisite, struggling against a variety of disadvantages. Among these, and it is necessary to mention them, for they were always Lord De Tabley's persistent enemies, two were peculiarly prominent, want of concentration and want of critical taste. The importance of the first-mentioned quality, in his case, was exemplified by the success of the volume of 1893, which mainly consisted of the best things, and nothing but the best, which he had previously published. The second led him to produce and to print what was not reprinted in 1893, and to give it

just as much prominence as he gave his best pieces. Nothing else will account for the neglect of such things as lie strewn about the pages of these unequal volumes, pictures like:—

Where deep woods swoon with solitude
divine,
I wait thee there, arm-deep in flowery
twine,
Where gleam flushed poppies in among
grey tares;
Grape-clusters mellow near, and tumbled
pears
Are brown in orchard-grass. The fern-
owl calls
At eve across the cloven river-falls,
Whose flood leaves here an island, there
a swan.

Or this, from the fine dramatic fragment called "Medea:"—

The sullen king turns roughly on his heel,
Whirling his regal mantle round his eyes,
And so departs, with slow steps, obstinate;
Ah, but the queen, the pale one, beautiful,
Prone, in the dust her holy bosom laid,
Mingles her outspread hair with fallen
leaves,
And sandal-soil is on her gracious head.
Ah, lamentable lady, pitiful!

Warren's next work was a drama, on which he was working long, and from which he expected much. But "The Soldier of Fortune," 1876, proved the worst of his literary disasters. It was a vague German story of the sixteenth century put into blank verse, and cut into five huge acts; this "play" extends to between four and five hundred pages. It is essentially undramatic, mere bed-rock, through which run veins of pure gold of poetry, but in an impregnable condition. "The Soldier of Fortune" is full of beautiful lines, one of which, in particular, has always run in my memory:—

On worm-drill'd vellums of old-time
re-
venges,—

but it is perfectly hopeless as a piece of literature. He told me lately—I know not whether in pardonable exaggeration—that not a single copy of it was sold. He was deeply irritated and wounded, and now began that retire-

ment from the public which lasted obstinately for seventeen years.

At last his brother-in-law, Sir Baldwin Leighton, persuaded him that a new generation had arisen, to whom he might make a fresh appeal. Others encouraged this idea, and by degrees the notion of a selection of the best things in his old books, supplemented by what he had written during these years of eclipse, might form a volume which people would read with pleasure. The result was "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical," of 1893, which still represents Lord De Tabley to the majority of readers. This book enjoyed a genuine and substantial success, quite as great as verse of this stately order could enjoy. He was encouraged to write more, and, to our general astonishment, he was able, in the spring of 1895, to produce, in identical form, a second series of the "Poems." This was respectfully received, but so enthusiastic a welcome as greeted the concentrated selection of 1893 was not to be looked for.

If we examine the central and typical qualities of Lord De Tabley as a poet, we are struck first by the brocaded magnificence of his style. This steadily grew with his growth, and was an element of real originality. It is to be distinguished from anything like tinsel or flash in what he wrote; it was a genuine thing, fostered, in later years, by a very close study of the diction of Milton, which gave him more and more delight as he grew older. He liked to wrap his thought in cloth of gold, to select from the immense repertory of his memory the most gorgeously sonorous noun, the most imperial adjective, at his command. In all this he was consciously out of sympathy with the men of our own time, who prefer the rougher, directer verbiage, or else a studied simplicity. The poetry of Lord De Tabley was not simple; when he tried to make it homely, he utterly failed. His efforts at humor, at naïve pathos, were generally unfortunate. But, when his melancholy, dignified Muse stalked across the stage wrapped in heavy robes, stiff with threads of

gold, she rose to her full stature and asserted her personal dignity with success. It was with the gorgeous writers of the middle of the seventeenth century that Lord De Tabley found himself in fullest sympathy, with Milton and Crashaw in verse, with Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne in prose. So, among poets of the present century, his sympathies were all with Keats and Browning, while for Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold he had a positive indifference; he liked a weighty form and full color in style, and it was in the production of such a manner that he excelled.

Another central quality which distinguishes him as a poet is his extremely minute and accurate observation of natural phenomena. Many poets of a high order recognize no flower but the rose, and no bird but the nightingale, and are fortunate if the whale is not their only fish. But among his exceptional accomplishments, Lord De Tabley counted an exact knowledge of several branches of science. In botany, in particular, and in ornithology, his reputation at certain points was European; I believe I am right, for instance, in saying that he was the first living authority on the Brambles. His eye, trained in many branches of observation, served him admirably as a poet; for the general reader, it served him, perhaps, too well, bewildering the untaught brain with the frequency and the exactitude of his images drawn from the visible world of earth and sky. In these he is not less accurate than Tennyson, and he sometimes pushes his note of nature still further into elaborate portraiture of country life than Tennyson, with greater tact, ever cared to do.

III.

In some dedicatory verses to myself, which Lord De Tabley printed in 1893, he said that "twenty years and more" were then "ended" since the beginning of our friendship. His memory slightly stretched the period, but it was in the winter of 1875 that I met him first. I have no recollection of the event; one

week I had never heard of him, the next week he had become part of my existence. Long afterwards he told me that, crossing Hyde Park one Sunday morning, after a painful interview with an old companion, he had observed to himself that his acquaintances had fallen below the number which he could count on the fingers of his two hands; his principle was that one should not be acquainted with fewer than ten people in all, and so he determined to know Mr. Austin Dobson and myself, "to add a little new blood," as he put it. For my part, I was too raw and inexperienced to appreciate the distinction of his choice, but not too dull to value the soft goings and comings of this moth-like man, so hushed and faded, like a delicate withered leaf, so mysterious, so profoundly learned, so acutely sensitive that an inflection in the voice seemed to chill him like a cold wind, so refined that with an ardent thought the complexion of his intellect seemed to flush like the cheek of a girl.

He was forty at that time, but looked older. Those who have seen him in these last years recall a finer presence, a more "striking" personality. Of late he carried upon his bending shoulders a veritable "tête de roi en exil," he reminded us, towards the end, of one of the fallen brethren of Hyperion. But in 1875, in his unobtrusive dress, with his timid, fluttering manner, there was nothing at all impressive in the outer guise of him. He seemed to melt into the twilight of a corner, to succeed, as far as a mortal can, in being invisible. This evasive ghost, in a loose snuff-colored coat, would always be the first person in the room to be overlooked by a superficial observer. It was in a tête-à-tête across the corner of the mahogany, under a lamplight that emphasized the noble modelling of the forehead, and lighted up the pale azure eyes, that a companion saw what manner of man he was dealing with, and half divined, perhaps, the beauty and wisdom of this unique and astonishing mind. It was an education to be permitted to listen to him then, to

receive his slight and intermittent confidences, to pour out, with the inconsiderate egotism of youth, one's own hopes and failures, to feel this infinitely refined and sensitive spirit benignantly concentrated on one's prentice efforts, which seemed to grow a little riper and more dignified by the mere benediction of that smile. His intellect, in my opinion, was a singularly healthy one, and, therefore, in its almost preternatural quickness and many-sidedness, calculated to help and stimulate the minds of others. It did not guide or command, it simply radiated light around the steps of a friend. The radiance was sometimes faint, but it was exquisite and it seemed omnipresent.

Yet it is unquestionable that to most of those who saw Lord De Tabley casually, his manner gave the impression more of hypochondria than of health. That excessive sensitiveness of his, which shrank from the slightest impact of what was, or what even faintly seemed to be, unsympathetic, could but produce on the superficial observer an idea of want of self-command. To pretend that the equilibrium of his spirit was not disturbed would be idle; the turmoil of his nerves was written on those fierce and timid eyes of his. But it is only right to say, and to say with insistence, that it was no indulgence of eccentricity, no wilful melancholy, that made him so quivering and shrinking a soul. He had suffered from troubles such as now may well be buried in his grave, sorrows that beset him from his youth up, disappointments and disillusiones that dogged him to the very close of his career, and made death itself almost welcome to him although he loved life so well. He was one who, like Gray, "never spoke out," and only those who knew him best could divine what the foxes were that gnawed the breast under the cloak. Very few human beings are pursued from the beginning of life to its close with so many distracting griefs and perplexities, such a combination of misfortunes and wearing annoyances, as this gentle-

hearted poet, who grew, at last, so harried by the implacable ingenuity of his destiny that movement or a word would awaken his fatalistic alarm.

The knowledge of this should now account for a good deal that puzzled and even grieved his friends. Moral and physical suffering had rendered the epidermis of his character so excessively thin that the merest trifle pained him; he was like those unfortunate persons who are born without a scarf-skin, on whom the pressure of a twig or the grip of a hand brings blood. This sensitiveness was pitiable, and the results of it even a little blameworthy, since, if they entailed wretchedness on himself, they caused needless pain to those who truly loved him. I doubt if any friend, however tactful in self-abnegation, got through many years of Lord De Tabley's intimacy without an electric storm. His imagination aided his ingenuity in self-torture, and conjured up monsters of malignity, spectres that strode across the path of friendship and rendered it impassable. But his tempestuous heat was not greater than his placability, and those who had not patience to wait the return of his kinder feelings can scarcely have been worthy of them.

He lived for friendship—poetry and his friends were the two lode-stars of his life. Yet he cultivated his intimates oddly. He sometimes reminded me of a bird-fancier with all his pets in separate cages; he attended to each of them in turn, but he did not choose that they should mix in a general social aviary. He was not unwilling to meet the acquaintances of his friends, but he did not care to bring his intimates much into contact with one another. Probably the number of these last was greater than any one of them was accustomed to realize. At the head of them all, I think, stood Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff; not far behind, Sir A. W. Franks. Besides these companions of his youth, he cultivated among the friends of his middle life, Sir Henry Howorth, Mr. W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, and others, each linked with him by a combination of tastes—antiquarianism,

numismatics, zoology, horticulture, some pursuit which made the woof of a texture in which personal sympathy was the warp. But he lived among the dead, and to these his attitude was much the same as that of a priest in the shrine of his vanished deities. To him the unseen faces were often more real than the living ones.

The side on which I was most capable of appreciating Lord De Tabley's gifts as a collector was the bibliographical. If I am anything of a connoisseur in this direction, I owe it to his training. His zeal in the amassing of early editions of the English poets was extreme; he was one of those who think nothing of hanging about a book-shop at six in the morning, waiting for the shutters to be taken down. But his zeal was eminently according to knowledge. He valued his first edition for the text's sake, not for the bare fact of rarity. Every book he bought he read, and with a critical gusto. A little anecdote may illustrate his spirit as a collector. In 1877 he secured, by a happy accident, a copy of Milton's "Poems" of 1645, a book which he had never met with before. Too eager to wait for the post, he sent a messenger round to my house with a note to announce not merely the joyful fact, but—this is the interesting point—a discovery he had made in the volume, namely, that the line in the "Nativity Ode," which in all later editions has run,

Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wear-
ing,

originally stood,

The enamell'd arras of the rainbow wear-
ing,

"which," as he said, "is a grand mouthful of sound, and ever so much better than the weak 'like glories.'" I shall not forget, when dining alone with him once at Onslow Square, noticing that at the beginning of the meal he was strangely distraught. At length, the post came, and Warren (as he then was) tore open one envelope wildly; he read the first words, and sank back

faint in his chair, hiding his eyes with his hands. I was convinced that some terrible calamity had happened to him, but it was only that he had secured a first edition of Shelley's "Alastor" at a country auction, and—*la joie faisait peur!* For some of his little, rare seventeenth-century volumes he had an almost petulant affection. He has celebrated in beautiful verse his copy of Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea;" and perhaps I may be allowed to tell one more bibliomaniac story. On a certain occasion, when I was at his house, Robert Browning and Frederick Locker being the other guests, Warren had put on the table his latest prize, a copy of Sir William Davenant's "Madagascar" of 1638. Browning presently got hold of the little book, and began reading passages aloud, making fun of the poetry (which, indeed, is pretty bad) with, "Listen, now, to this," and "Here's a fine conceit." Warren bore it for a little while, and then he very gently took the volume out of Browning's hands, and hid it away. "Oh!" he explained to me afterwards, "I could not allow him to *patronize* Davenant." A particular favorite with him was Quarles, as combining the metaphysical poet with the emblemist. He had a curious theory that the influence, not only of Quarles, but of Alciati, could be traced in the designs of Blake, another special object of his study. Before I leave this subject I am tempted to quote a passage from one of his delightful letters, now nearly twenty years old:—

I have been cheered up by buying to-day a copy of Henry Lawes's "Ayres for the Theorbo; or, Bas Viol," 1653, with some Herrick and Lovelace pieces set. Also a "Spenser" of 1610, the first collected folio, with nice little plates to the "Shepherd's Kalender"—one each month. I must tell you, for very idiosyncrasy—I had the most vivid dream last night that you and I were cardinals, turning over books in the Vatican Library. I remember the look of my own red stockings. We were both in cardinal red from top to toe. I felt quite pleased to be so smart, but your robes seemed better made. How infinitely absurd! But so vivid. A certain

room I remembered in the Vatican came back fresh, and the exact dress of the old creatures I saw at the Council (in 1869).

Bibliography and the ardor of the collector led Warren by degrees into a department where he was destined to exercise a considerable influence. His love of books extended to a study of those marks of ownership which are known as *ex-libris*, and in 1880 he published "A Guide to the Study of Book-plates," a handsomely illustrated volume which has been the pioneer of many interesting works, and of a whole society of students and annotators. He was led to the historical study of the book-plate by his love of heraldry, which was to be traced, too, in more than one passage of his poetry. I cannot recollect that his passion for books extended to bindings. His own library, of which it was his intention to prepare a privately printed catalogue—a project which his premature death has frustrated—was not conspicuous bibliologically. He belonged to the class of bibliophiles whose books lie strewn over sofas and armchairs, instead of being ranged in cases like jewels. His servants, I recollect his telling me, became so incensed with his books that he grew to regard them as personal enemies, and when, about 1879, Warren proposed to move from Onslow Square, this man snorted with the joy of battle, and said, "At last I'll be even with them dummed books."

He was writing poetry to the last, and I think, from what he very lately wrote to me, that a volume of manuscript verses will be found almost ready for the press. It was a great pleasure to him to know that many of his fellow-craftsmen were now eager to receive his work. Mr. Austin Dobson had always been an admirer, and one of the latest tributes which cheered De Tabley was a copy of verses from this friend of twenty years, which I have the privilege of printing here for the first time:—

Still may the Muses foster thee, O Friend,
Who, while the vacant quidnuncs stand
at gaze,

Wondering what Prophet next the Fates
will send,
Still tread'st the ancient ways;

Still climb'st the clear-cold altitudes of
Song,
Or, lingering "by the shore of old Ro-
mance,"
Heed'st not the vogue, how little or how
long,
Of marvels made in France.

Still to the summits may thy face be set;
And long may we, that heard thy morn-
ing rhyme,
Hang on thy midday music, nor forget
In the hushed even-time!

Mr. Theodore Watts, too—whose touching and picturesque anecdotes in the *Athenæum* of November 30 are of real value in forming an impression of Lord De Tabley's character—was a constant and judicious encourager of his art.

In those three latest years of his partial reappearance in the world of letters, Lord De Tabley has rejoiced many of his old friends by a renewal of the early delightful relations. He has formed new friendships, too, among those who will remember his noble head and gentle, stately manners when we older ones have joined him. He appreciated the company of several members of the new school of poets, and especially that of Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, and Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. The last-named, I think, in particular, enjoyed a greater intimacy with him than any other man who is now less than thirty-five years of age. There has been so much of the elder generation, then, in this little memoir, that I prefer to close with a few words written to me by his latest friend when the death was announced—words which Mr. Benson kindly permits me to print:—

Lord de Tabley always struck me as being a curious instance of the irony of destiny—a man with so many sources of pleasure and influence open to him—his love of literature, his mastery of style, his conversational charm, his social position, his affectionate nature—yet bearing always about with him a curious attitude of

resignation and disappointment, as though life were, on the whole, a sad business, and, for the sake of courtesy and decency, the less said about it the better. I must repeat the word "courtesy," for, like a subtle fragrance, it interpenetrated all he did or said. It seemed the natural aroma of an exquisitely sensitive, delicate, and considerate spirit. There was something archaic, almost, one might say, hierarchical, about his head, with its long, rippled, grey hair, the transparent pallor of complexion, the piercing eye. He dressed with the same severity, and though I never heard him speak of religion, there was about him a certain monastic stateliness of air which one sees most frequently in those who combine worldly position with the possession of a tranquillizing faith. He contrived to inspire affection to a singular extent. Perhaps there was a certain pathos about his life and the strange contradictions it contained, but I think there was also in him a deep need of affection, and in spite of his determined effort after courage and calm, an intimate despair of gaining the encouragement of others.

This is beautifully said, I think, and delicately felt, yet, like all our attempts to analyze the fugitive charm of this extraordinary being, it leaves the memory unsatisfied.

From Temple Bar.
WORDSWORTH'S "PARSON SYMPSON."

Our little-man-in-green every summer's day drives his "car" past a cottage farmhouse we would have travelled far to see. He does not point his whip at it or give it so much as a nod. Neither he nor the ubiquitous photographer knows that here one day, a century and a half ago, came a motley train destined to be immortal—a train of pack-horses with jingling bells and pillioned riders, followed by more ignoble beasts backed more shapelessly than desert dromedaries. It was exactly such a train as Macaulay describes when throughout the country north of York and west of Exeter all goods were carried by long trains of these pack-horses, the sturdy breed of which is now extinct. Travellers of

humble condition often made long journeys mounted on a pack saddle between two baskets, moving at snail's pace, and often with great suffering from the cold; such as this train did not suffer in that month of June.

At the lowly door of this stone cottage the company finished a pilgrimage as picturesque to our times as any royal pageant. Our little-man-in-green has never heard of this merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered by music, pranks, and laughter-stirring jests, mischievously designed to mystify gaping yokels. Never has that little man been crammed with the story of this once bleak and bare cottage which housed for half an hundred years the head of that gipsy band, "till from manhood's noon" (at forty-one) he became the patriarch of the vale, standing alone within this cot "left void and mute as if swept by a plague."

Yet not long, we read, thus stood the patriarch of the vale. Even while deeper down in Grasmere Vale, where lived a fustian-clad and water-drinking bard with a rustic sister, even while the two wondered how this "Priest by Function" (never by character) would face the remnant of his days alone, "In one blest moment he was overcome with sleep."

Then the stalwart body which had weathered the storms of ninety-two years and outlived all its household, was returned to mother earth, to make one of the five graves "unsociably sequestered" of Wordsworth's "Churchyard among the Mountains."

Wytheburn Chapel, where he "who became our first in eminence of years" was shepherd of a flock of mountain shepherds for more than half an hundred years, has more honor. The Keswick and Ambleside coaches stop before it every day just long enough, and no longer, for a snapshot view of the interior. They stop not because of Wordsworth; not because of the Wanderer, the Vicar, the Solitary. Neither do they stop because of that priest by function, once so irregular and wild, by books unsteadied and by pastoral care unchecked. For none of

these, but because, says our little green man, "it is the smallest church in England!"

That it is directly opposite the Nag's Head has perhaps nothing to do with the case.

The Nag's Head replaces the famous Cherry-Tree, now retired under a thick veil of ivy to the tranquillity of farming life, after a somewhat lively career. A buxom landlady, who pronounces our coach-load a "bad lot" because it seems not athirst, replaces him of whom Matthew Arnold wrote:—

Our jovial host as forth we fare
Shouts greeting from his easy-chair.

The little Cherry-Tree was famed for good cheer long before Wordsworth's Wagoner yielded to the enticing of a fiddle's dinning and met his ruin at the village Merry Night.

A quarter of a century before Wordsworth came to Grasmere, a "Laker" wrote of the Cherry-Tree: "They gave us a breakfast fit for laboring men: mutton, ham, eggs, buttermilk-whey, tea, bread-and-butter, and asked if we chose cheese, all for sevenpence apiece." Scarce wonder that this Laker added, "Do not imagine, good reader, that we gluttonized."

Continued this writer: "Two grandmothers were in the kitchen; one of the old women was between eighty and ninety. She was a chatty old lady, and as both my companion and I wished to give free scope to every one we spoke to, she had the clack of her sex and the privilege of years to say what she pleased. She performed both parts of questions and answers, and told us she had been a pretty shepherdess in her time, and that she had been too often upon Skiddaw in her youth to be ill in her old age. I mention this," adds our tourist, "to make known how healthy and cheery they live under the Cherry-Tree. I think a chatty old woman, when she is not too much upon the diffusive, is a most cheerful companion, and ought to command a respectful hearing."

This chatty old woman of the Cherry-Tree, born before the eighteenth cen-

tury, was one of Pastor Sympton's flock. She knew that rustic figure striding up from Grasmere Vale, carrying even yet something of its old-time air of the grander world beneath its later habit, as well as she knew the sound of the two little bells in yon humble belfry. Many a time without doubt she had eaten trout of his catching, and exchanged her own geese and ducks of the earth for his of sky and water. She knew the amount of tithes she had paid him, and the sound of his home-made harp and viol. She was twenty years or more older than he, and remembered without doubt that first occasion, a score of years before, that the poor little mountain chapel had first a curate of its own—was served no longer by a beggarly and uncouth "Reader." She could well remember the jokes and gibes at the new parson's Northumbrian accent amid the rugged accents of the Cumberland and Westmoreland dalesmen. She possibly remembered something of the sermons with which this ex-courtier became parson (whom Charles Lamb afterwards declared the most delightful figure of "The Excursion") greeted his new charge. Parson Sympton was considerably alive and in the vigor of something like three-score years that summer's day of 1773 when our rambler chatted in the Cherry-Tree. Even while that rambler did not gluttonize, the parson may have passed up or down the road.

Why did not our rambler espy him then, with weather-beaten complexion and bobbing *queue*, and turn some of that diffusiveness upon a future phantom in English literature? Parson Sympton was of a class grown smaller in the nineteenth than in the eighteenth century. As a shepherd of souls he could scarcely be counted a direct guide to heavenly pastures, wherever he might end at last. He was a type of shepherd far older than the Christian pastor, piping amid his flock rather than to them, with pagan tunes and music of wassail upon pan-pipes of coarse sound. Wordsworth's priest was simply a good-hearted, kindly sort

of humble hamlet squire, better born, better educated than his flock, but, like them, giving no thought to other than mundane things. He wore the livery of heaven, not to serve the devil in, but his own tastes, pleasure, and needs. That he devoted time vowed to his Master's service to fishing and shooting rather than to cards and racing, was more a chance of taste and circumstance than of conscience. He was very much a boaster of the better days that were more roistering, and he reviled his Grasmere days as a downfall from them.

Why did that early Laker not have prophetic sense enough to ask about the motley train which, about 1759, when those rough and forbidding mountain roads offered no access for wain, heavy or light, wriggled itself slowly into the vale?

Who knows that the diffusive dame was not one of the parish matrons who met that train at the cottage door? Even she it may have been who plucked the ruddy children from their well-poised baskets drowsily rocked by the motion of a trusty ass. Perchance she gazed with curiosity, not unmixed with rustic awe, upon the comely matron riding close behind, a woman of soft speech, and with a lady's mien, all so unusual to mountain-bred eyes. And that whiskered Tabby, was its mew Pasht-like and occult, as befitted the mystic familiar of a vagrant and prophesying train? How demeaned itself a cat contemporary with Sir Charles Grandison?

How far more interesting this Laker had he encouraged non-octogenarian diffusiveness to be too diffusive, and served us a spicy dish such as austere virtue condemns when new, and savors with delight when time hath seasoned it well.

De Quincey supposes Wordsworth's story of Parson Sympton's entrance into the vale to be literal.

In "The Excursion" Wordsworth says that the good pair often described their fantastic yet grave migration with undiminished glee in hoary age. When disgusted Curate Sympton, weary of

bootless promises from titled friends, and having revelled long and frolicked industriously while waiting preferment, accepted angrily at last this beggarly curacy in what was then an uttermost part of the earth, Wordsworth was not yet born, a fact the inaccurate Opium Eater failed to observe.

The "Chapelry remote" was in Cumberland. No parsonage went with it, and our priest by function was obliged to house his family seven good miles over the marshes into Westmoreland, whence he had a tough climb to the chapel by a road "winding in mazes serpentine, shadeless and shelterless, by driving showers frequented, and beset with howling winds."

He must always be in good season, too, buffet and trip as those northern blasts might, for it was the priest's business to gather his flock by ringing the bell with his own hands.

Wytheburn Chapel was then a dependency of Crosthwaite, and was equidistant between the parsonage and the mother church. The stipend was £31 a year. Our priest came to it soon after, or soon before, the decision of the bishops that these remote chapels-of-ease (sometimes not even of churches, but of larger chapels-of-ease) should no longer be served by uncouth and ignorant "Readers," but by clerks in holy orders. Previous to this decision, many chapels where the stipends were but a pound or two had been served by the dalesmen themselves as readers. These chapels were as tiny as possible; that at Buttermere, now rebuilt and a trifle larger, measures still but seventeen feet in length outside the walls.

Buttermere Chapel was then worth 20s. a year. Naturally, the reader must have another trade, even though so late as Arthur Young's tour beef was but 2d. a pound, mutton 2½d., cheese 2d., bread ¾d., milk 1d. a quart, laborer's house rent 20s. a year.

In justice to some of these laymen who had served chapels long and well, they were promoted to orders without other preparation. Even thus, few could live on their stipends and fees, but, like "Wonderful Walker" of Sea-

thwaite, must work at a dozen trades, or more.

"Wonderful Walker" was hedger, ditcher, tailor, clogger, sheep-salver and shearer, weaver, brewer, harvester, schoolmaster, village lawyer, clerk, etc., and he married a domestic servant, as many did in those days, when not put off with a fly-blown reputation, as Bishop Tusher was.

He worked at his loom in his school-room, and at day's labor for his parishioners. He died at the good old age these active dalesmen often attained, almost an hundred, having brought up and educated many children, to whom he left £2,000.

The reader of Wytheburn, whom the old lady of the Cherry-Tree probably well remembered, had a salary of £20 10s., a hempen sark (or shirt), a pair of clogs, a whittlegate, and a goosegate. Whittlegate was the right of laying a whittle or knife at a parishioner's board two or three weeks every year, according to the householder's means. The whittler was obliged to furnish his own knife, few houses having more than one or two. Sometimes this knife belonged to the church, and was lent by the wardens. He marched from house to house with his whittle, seeking fresh pasturage, and as master of the herd he had the elbow chair at the table head, which was often made of a hollow ash-tree. A parson was thought a proud fellow who demanded a fork in those days; he was reproved for it, and told that fingers were made before forks!

The goosegate was the right to pasture geese upon the common. One wonders how his children fared at home while the shepherd browsed thus with his flock "on taters and bacon on a bare fir board."

Even with priestly perquisites from brides, babies, and bodies, not many sevenpenny dinners could they afford, however the Cherry-Tree tempted with savory scents of mutton and ham.

"Priest, come to your poddish" (porridge), "Priest, come to your taties." "Priest, come to your poddish," one of them told in old age had been his call three times a day for half a century.

Naturally there was very little of the typical clergyman about these six-day farmers and artisans. Fustian jackets, corduroy or leather breeches, stockings of the coarsest grey yarn, and wooden clogs, stuffed with straw or dried bracken, was their frequent garb. Sometimes the sark instead of unbleached hemp was of coarse blue check, and over corduroy breeches without braces was worn a weaver's apron. For weddings and christenings the only change was to a black coat, the convenient surplice hiding all the rest. One of this bucolic clergy was an excellent judge of sheep, and drove superior bargains home. With due respect to his Sunday clothes he took pains to retire and turn them wrong side out whenever he wished to examine flocks. When his examinations were over his costume was turned again to its reverend side. This same parson was so keen at a bargain that it was well understood by the sharpest that dealing with him Greek was meeting Greek.

"Well, I find this," said one to him; "self niver sleeps but wi' ya ee oppen."

"Eh, Johnny," was the answer, "thou has nobbut learnt hofe thy lesson. Self niver goes to bed."

Still another (the Reverend Mattison), whose ordinary income was £12, and never more than £24, died the year Wordsworth was born. He was so industrious and penurious that he left behind him more money than the whole of his salary for fifty-six years at compound interest. He and his wife carded and spun wool, he taught a school for £5 a year.

His wife acted as midwife at a shilling each lying-in. She also was the cook of christening dinners, and pocketed every possible perquisite. This wife had done her part in swelling her spouse's fortune, but at his death she and his children spent every penny he had amassed, and she was obliged to seek shelter in a charitable institution for widows of clergymen.

This woman's father at her marriage boasted that he had married his daughters to the two best men in

Patterdale—the priest and the bag-piper.

Still more remarkable was one who died about the time our "Priest by Function" came to Wytheburn Chapel. He was curate during forty-seven years of the neighboring chapel of Threlkeld. He lived like a Diogenes upon eight pounds sixteen shillings a year. His dress was beggarly, he lived alone, and slept upon straw with two blankets. In aspect a sloven, his wit was ready, his satire keen and undaunted, his learning extensive; he was an agreeable companion, and although fond of the deepest retirement, in company became the chief promoter of mirth. He left no fortune behind him, but an excellent library and several manuscripts of great merit on conic sections, spherical trigonometry, and other mathematical pieces, says Clarke's "*Survey.*"

Most of his poetical pieces he destroyed before his death. Once the subdean, whose business was to visit the inferior clergy in his district once a year to see that they acted becoming their function (and could demand to see any corner of their houses), found great fault with this curate's house, dress, furniture, and probably food, as the priest was his own cook. "Dean," answered the dirty curate, "you have not seen the most valuable part of my furniture. There is contentment peeping out of every corner of my cot, and you cannot see her, I suppose—you are not acquainted with her. Upon the walls of your lordly mansion and in your bedchamber is wrote "Dean" and "Chapter," after that "Bishop." No thought of these here, nor of equipage; contentment keeps them off." Then he repeated to him the sixth Satire of the second book of Horace: "*Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus.*"

"A little farm, and a pleasant clear spring, a garden, and a grove were the utmost of my wish. The gods have in their bounty exceeded my hopes; I am contented."

Sometimes these clerical hewers of wood and drawers of water, toilers of field and farm, were obliged to brew

and sell ale, and make alehouse and parsonage one. Perhaps this explains a certain old woman's complaint that her daughter's husband or suitor kept bad company,—"*the parson and such.*" Another old lady defending a too jovial minister, declared:—

"Well, I'll not say but he may have slanted now and then at a christening or a wedding, but for buryin' a corp he is undeniable."

Neither is it surprising that particular evil smells were said to be as bad as chapels in sheep-salving time! The chapels often were no better furnished than their ministers. At Wythop the communion service consisted of a pewter cheese plate and pewter pot; the baptismal font was an earthen basin. Here the minister's stipend was tenpence a Sunday, the exact wage of a day laborer. Both minister and ploughman received their wage with victuals, the former in form of whittlegate. The ploughman's day was from six to six, but his week had six days, the parson's only one.

Why should these rough dalesmen waste time and work to write sermons? Especially as the Lake District peasantry have always been a practical, never a very religious people, and always averse to long sermons.

"What shall I say next?" asked one of these mountain preachers in the midst of a somewhat lengthy discourse.

"Amen," said an audible voice from among the congregation.

In 1767 the poet Gray one Sunday passed the Cherry-Tree and the little chapel of Wytheburn, out of which the congregation was just issuing. He says no more than this of the chapel in which thirty people would have been a throng, but we know from Clarke's "*Survey*" a dozen years later, that "the chapel was a very poor low building and not consecrated; their burying-place is Crosthwaite." So late as 1792, when Parson Sympson had been thirty-five years its minister, Walker's "*Tour*" described the chapel as "wretched, in a scattered group of poor houses, everything about it cold and comfortless."

Had the poet Gray stopped to peep

in he would have seen very much such an interior as Kit North described even sixty years later at Wastdale—about a dozen benches, the reading desk scarcely to be distinguished, humble the pulpit, and lowly the altar, an earthen floor, and bare stone walls, weather-stained, with penetrating damps and driving tempests.

On that October day of 1767, in all probability it was our priest who read the usual prayers in the chapel, and for his gracious Majesty King George, third of the name, as he had ten years earlier prayed for the second of these German dullards. A picturesque issuing that (to us), a company of mountain shepherds, who spun the fleeces of their own sheep and knew themselves fine in Sunday best of undyed homespun, the white and black fleeces mixed. How dandy the full-skirted coats ornamented with huge brass buttons, and the waistcoats opened in front, if perchance the home-woven sark boasted a snowy frill. Breeches were buttoned tightly across the haunches so as to keep up without braces, not yet invented. Many are the bows of ribbon and bright buttons on these Sunday breeches; some of the richer dalesmen's breeches of buckskin, intended to endure long after the owner grew too large for them or shrank too small.

Buxom belles and matrons are in homespun linsey-woolsey gowns well above the ankle. Brightly buckled shoes were of coquetry as well as of service, and many a foot in those days sought the fender without need of the fire. Our priest by function is not long after the others, for he doffs his surplice behind a curtain. He is in clerical black, knee-breeches and yarn stockings, all probably somewhat weather-rusted from their thirteen miles' struggle every Sunday through frequent sunshine and tempest, and he wears a cocked hat somewhat worse in form and color than the day it finished its caravan journey a dozen or more years ago.

Wytheburn Chapel is no longer wretched or grim, but snowily neat. It has spruce belfry and pleasant-voiced

bell, a bell-ringer, vicar, and a memorial window, but not of our priest.

The chancel, of recent addition, is considerably higher than the original building, which gave it a singular appearance. It is still:—

Wytheburn's modest house of prayer,
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,

and into it every season pour tens of thousands of Lakers with never a thought of Parson Sympson, whose name shall endure when not one stone of these walls lies upon another.

One day I knocked at a door in Grasmere Vale. The cottage is of lime-washed stone, the door opening from a farmyard. At first all seemed darkness beyond the door, but gradually the figure of a pretty woman evolved itself from the gloom. I was guided through the dusk of walls scarcely higher than one's head, beneath heavy black oaken beams, and beside windows of only doll-house size. The floor was the same blue slabs of mountain stone of Wordsworth's time. The slabs are worn now into ruts and furrows. In the great fireplace comparatively modern conveniences are set, but I know from the flickering light and flame just where Mistress Sympson cooked the timely treat of fish or fowl "by nature yielded to her spouse's practised hook or gun." I knew where all winter long in the peat smoke of the great chimney hung fitches of bacon, the burly hams and quarters of beef and mutton, making the well-stocked chimney considered by eighteenth-century dalesmen the most elegant furniture that could adorn a house. "Well-stocked" those chimneys surely were, for an eighteenth-century tourist mentions one in which he saw eight whole carcasses hanging at once. Beside the chimney how easy to imagine still the high-backed settle, where the master sat by the light of tallow dips and sorted his hooks and set his poles.

Here we seem to see the "hospitable board" just by the "charitable door." This dim room was the general living and sitting room of Priest Sympson's family, the self-same room trimmed

and brightened by the matron's care. It was also the clergyman's only study, amid pots and pans, and the bustle of daily needs, of butter and cheese-making, spinning, weaving, dyeing, washing, pickling, quilting, preserving, herb-distilling, fat-rendering, candle-dipping, fowl-plucking. "He might be considered lucky if he had a dozen dog-eared volumes among his pots and pans," wrote Macaulay of such as Parson Sympson.

To cover these very slabs Mistress Sympson wove a fair carpet of home-spun wool, tintured daintily with florid hues; not for daily use, but kept for seemliness and warmth on festal days, when three unknown poets came to tea, or Dorothy Wordsworth came with her work, while William and the priest joined Southey and Coleridge to fish in Wytheburn water till supper-time. Mistress Sympson hung snow-white curtains to these mites of windows, and for mats at thresholds she braided tough moss, and long-enduring mountain-plants, that creep along the ground with sinuous trail. She was a pattern wife, devoted to her home, which she apparently rarely left, and to all appearance without tastes that craved a wider earth and higher sky. She was contented, for so also is a snail in its way; but what she really was in potentiality who ever knew? Till the sun kissed it the goldenest field was but clods. Without the attrition of other minds in books, newspapers, or conversation, without even a weekly sermon, that only stimulus of so many bucolic minds, why should a mind, however full of latent fire, give out one single spark?

Dorothy Wordsworth speaks of Mistress Sympson in old age as "mild and gentle, yet cheerful and much of the gentlewoman." This seems to imply that she was only "much," not "altogether" the gentlewoman. Probably she was really more the eighteenth-century mountain-shepherd's helpmeet than the equal of the showy courtier her brother's pen represents the husband.

Probably also that showiness was

chiefly in the old man's bombastic talk.

Mistress Sympson's kitchen-parlor is now the farmhouse kitchen, and Wytheburn's vicar has a parsonage within stone's throw of the church. The present occupant shows her parlor, rich in framed photographs and antimacassars, evidently proud of her modern Brussels carpet, its white ground strewn with immense roses.

The Wordsworths and the Sympsons were very "neighborly," albeit three miles were between them, and the Sympsons already aged when the young couple came to the vale. Dorothy writes in one of her letters that the old man of eighty was as active as a man of fifty. Her Grasmere journal contains various mentions of the household.

On a June day of 1800, when the priest by function was eighty-five, we read: "William and I walked up to the Sympsons'. William and old Mr. Sympson went to fish in Wytheburn water."

A little later in the same year: "On Sunday we made a great fire and drank tea in Bainriggs (wood) with the Sympsons."

Coleridge and his wife were of this party. It was not a hymning and psalming one, we may be sure, though on a Sunday and with three parsons, present and *ci-devant*.

One was Coleridge, the ex-Unitarian, who had preached a candidature sermon in nankeen trousers, blue coat, and brass buttons; another, Priest Sympson's ordained son; and Priest Sympson himself, who still retained a flashing eye, a burning palm, a stirring foot, a head which beat at nights upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.

On September 3rd, 1800, our priest by function climbs Helvellyn with William and John Wordsworth, the elder of the two brothers a third his age. On a May day of 1802, Dorothy and William met Coleridge at Wytheburn and found the patriarch fishing there. Again Dorothy considers it lucky that Miss Sympson comes into Dove Cottage and takes Wil-

liam from his struggle with the "Leach Gatherer."

Dorothy, on her way home from her long walks with her brother, sometimes stops at the Sympsons' to borrow a shawl. The journal abounds with mentions of walks to Keswick and Wytheburn. Scarcely one was without a call at the parsonage, a word with its inmates, even when no note is made of such. "Mr. Sympson came . . . and brought us a beautiful drawing which he had done." This could scarcely be the fiddling, scheming, climbing patriarch.

It was probably the poetical son, a clergyman who had preceded Wordsworth by ten years or more at the Hawkshead grammar school, where both spent eight or ten years, and whom Wordsworth (many years later) considered entitled to that place among Westmoreland poets which has never been accorded him. His principal poem, now perished, "The Vision of Alfred," Wordsworth thought "in versification harmonious and animated, and containing passages of splendid description."

"He was a man of ardent feelings," wrote Wordsworth, "and his faculties of mind, particularly of memory, were extraordinary." With him one day, Wordsworth talked of Pope and found fault with his versification. The other defended Pope with warmth, almost with irritation, till Wordsworth said, "In compass and variety of sound your own versification surpasses his."

"Never," continued Wordsworth, "shall I forget the change in his countenance and tone of voice; the storm was laid in a moment, he no longer disputed my judgment, and I passed immediately in his mind, no doubt, for as great a critic as ever lived."

Another son of the family, not one pennier-poised into the vale, but native of it, inherited his father's early disposition towards revelling and frolicking.

Something, too, of the matron's gentleness may have fated him to failure. He was sent forth from that primitive vale to try the paths of for-

tune in the open world—Birmingham perhaps, or Manchester; even perhaps only small Penrith. Whichever it was proved too much for him. The son, of a long revelling and industriously frolicking father, failed entirely "before the suit of pleasure."

After what dusty fallings and angry disappointments at home we know not, but may imagine, he returned to the vale to humbly till his father's glebe. Wordsworth, after 1820, suppressed the lines of "The Excursion" relating to this son, and to the youngest daughter, who:—

In duty stayed
To lighten her declining mother's care;
But ere the bloom had passed away,
which health
Preserved to adorn a cheek no longer
young,
Her heart in course of nature finding
place
For new affections, to the holy state
Of wedlock they conducted her, but still
The bride, adhering to those filial cares,
Dwelt with her Mate beneath her
Father's roof.

This daughter died five years before her mother. Her ever-active father outlived her six years and more, outlived her child and the glebe-tilling wanderer, his son.

The Sympson graves are no longer "unsociably sequestered."

Death's harvests have been rich since those words were written. Very near the graves are those of all the Wordsworths, and of Hartley Coleridge, whom the Sympsons knew only as a blithe and buoyant child, never "untimely old—Irreverently grey."

Jane, the youngest of the Sympsons, died first, aged thirty-seven, in 1801. Mary, the mother, twelve years our priest's junior, died in 1806 at eighty-one. In June, 1807, after his glebe-tilling son's death, and the far absence of his only two children, the old man went one afternoon across the road to note the growth of his garden. Perhaps at that very moment lower down in the vale the family of the poet wondered how he would pass those remnant days, that staunch old man

bearing the wintry grace and comeliness of unenfeebled age. "What titles will he keep—will he remain musician, gardener, builder, mechanist, a planter and a rearer from the seed?"

Even while they asked each other if it were possible, with his household swept away as by a plague, and hillocks grown green in Grasmere churchyard, he could still remain the man of hope with forward-looking mind he had always been, even then death fell upon him.

The long life came to its end amid June scents and sounds in his garden. Perhaps his aged eyes saw in those swift flitting shadows of clouds, shadows of things celestial. Perhaps to him came visions of his manhood's noon, and the cloud-shadows seemed visions of the fantastic caravan which half a century before stopped at almost this very spot. There perhaps he saw the gentle wife riding her pony with the grace of immortal youth. He saw her bending forward to gaze upon the cot where the old age of earth stole upon her. Perhaps he saw bounding children dancing upon those grey hills of earth and time. Who knows even that he saw not the well-remembered Tabby (how often had they spoken of her long after every atom of her had come up again from earth in grass and flower!) float dreamily across Helm Crag just as all grew dim to him—even the blue June sky.

Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him.

The Sympson garden still remains almost precisely as it was that day. A new gate replaces the old, but the weather-stained oaken posts may very well be the same that the old man touched in passing through them for the last time. These things remain, and his phantom presence. Not one single memory of him would exist on earth but for an unknown and unpromising youth, who lived plainly and thought high thoughts, lower down in the vale. Parson Sympson himself had no love for the pen, that little instru-

ment which preserves lives and histories. While minister of Wytheburn he kept no records even of the church, and no scrap of his writing remains in the world. Yet because of that obscurely writing youth he became one to whose receding footsteps upon the sands of life and time an occasional pilgrim listens with rapt interest, and for whose soul breathes perhaps even an unconscious prayer.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS AND THEIR
FOLLOWERS.

It is a curious circumstance that both in France and in England the necessity—or, let us say, the expediency—of making the psalmist "run in rhyme" was first recognized by men connected with the court. It occasioned no little surprise when Clement Marot, "valet of the bedchamber" to Francis I., put forward his metrical psalms as substitutes for the love-songs of the French grantees. And yet, the surprise notwithstanding, these "sanctes chansonnettes" of Marot leaped into fashion, and a first edition of ten thousand was disposed of before the poet had well realized that he had become famous.

There were no psalm tunes in those days, and so the princes, the king's mistresses, the lords and ladies of the court adapted whatever lay ready to hand, and unhesitatingly wedded the "sweet singer of Israel" to the ballad tunes of the times. More than that, the fashionables had each a favorite psalm of his or her own. Thus the dauphin, as became a lover of the chase, selected "As the hart panteth after the water brooks;" while the queen, with equal appropriateness, chose "Rebuke me not in thine indignation." Diana of Poitiers would one day be heard singing, "From the depths of my heart;" the next day King Antony of Navarre would be chanting, "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel!"

A strange picture this, of a dissolute court singing the Psalms of David. from exquisite little duodecimos in

morocco gilt, to the jig tunes of the day. A strange but not a unique picture, for even the staid Scottish Presbyterians of early Reformation times had done something of the same kind, and had anticipated the Salvation Army of to-day by transforming the tunes of "John Anderson, my Jo" and other "godless aires" to suit the psalms with which their thoughtful leaders had provided them. The "Psalms of Dundee," produced while Knox was preparing to thunder out his anathemas against the priests, were incongruous enough in all conscience in their strange medley of canting absurdity and nonsense. It is not easy for us in these days to understand how such "gude and godlie ballates, changed out of profane songs," could be supposed to serve as corrections of "sinne and harlotrie." In reading them, "to laugh were want of godliness and grace," and yet to be grave "exceeds all power of face." Generally speaking, the "godlie" part is as limited as we find it in the following specimen, taken at random:—

With huntis up, with huntis up,
It is now perfite day:
Jesus our King is gone a-hunting,
Quha likes to speed they may.

But the frequent occurrence of this kind of thing in various contemporary productions is at least an indirect evidence of the extraordinary expedient having achieved the desired result. Alexander Hume, a younger son of the house of Polwarth, made an attempt to divert the popular taste from what he calls "that naughty subject of fleshly and unlawful love," by making the words of the popular songs take a more serious turn. "In princes' courts," says he, "in the houses of great men and the assemblies of young gentlemen and young damsels, the chief pastime is to sing profane sonnets and vain ballads of love, or to rehearse some fabulous feats of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like reveries." And what Hume and the Wedderburns did, others did with more or less success.

In England, as in France, the metrical psalm was in its origin closely bound

up with the court. Thomas Sternhold, "groome of ye Kynges Majestie's roobes," began to write psalms, as Strype puts it, for his own "godly solace." Probably he did this during the reign of Henry VIII., but Edward VI. was on the throne before he published his first versions; and it is to Edward that he dedicates the nineteen translations of his little volume. There is a pretty story told of the young king's interest in the "groome's" verses—a story to the effect that as a boy of twelve he had overheard Sternhold "singing the psalms to his organ," and had wandered into the room to express his satisfaction with them. The story is no doubt true, for Sternhold's quaintly worded dedication runs in this way: "Seeing that your tender and godlie zeale doth more delight in the holye songs of veritie than in any fayned rhymes of vanitie, I am encouraged to travayle further in the said booke of psalmes." But Anthony Wood has another reason than the royal patronage to account for the inception of the metrical psalm. According to the author of the "Athenæ Oxonienses," Sternhold, being "a most zealous reformer and a very strict liver," became so scandalized by the "loose, amorous songs" used in the court, that he "forsooth turned into English metre" a large number of David's psalms, and "caused musical notes to be set to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets." One would fain hope that Sternhold lived to see some realization of the pious wish, but, unfortunately, Wood has to add of the courtiers: "They did not, only some few excepted." Sternhold was thus denied the luck that fell to Marot, who had indeed special reason to be pleased with his good fortune, in view of the alarm that the singing of psalms at court must have created among the heads of the Sorbonne.

That some measure of encouragement was, however, extended to Sternhold is evident from the fact that he continued in his work of versification. At the time of his death in 1549, he had "drawn into metre," as the phrase then was,

some thirty-seven versions of the Psalms, leaving the infant Psalter to the care of John Hopkins, whose name was henceforward to be indissolubly linked with his own. Hopkins, whatever were his poetical merits, had at least the merit of modesty. He thought a great deal more of Sternhold than he thought of himself, but, while he admitted that his own psalms were not "in any parte to bee compared with Sternhold's most exquisite dooynges," he yet believed them to be "fruitfull, though they bee not fyne." They were certainly "fruitfull" in the way of example, for they set others to work on the Psalter, with the result that by 1562 the Hebrew Psalmist had been turned entirely into rhyme, and tacked on to the Book of Common Prayer by way of supplement. Nine writers were engaged on this work of versification from first to last. Hopkins contributed in all sixty versions. It is probable enough that, given sufficient time, he would have completed the translation himself, but the accession of Mary, which for some years effectually put an end to the singing of psalms, made it expedient for him to go into quiet hiding; and meanwhile, the Geneva exiles were not only busying themselves on the untranslated psalms, but were "touching up" the previous productions of Sternhold and Hopkins as well. The great desideratum in these days was "closeness to the original Hebrew," and a good many changes were made from time to time in the effort to obtain it; in some editions of the Psalter the prose version was actually printed along with the metrical version for the sake of comparison! The rhymes might be bad, the language uncouth, and even ludicrous; but if only the translation were sufficiently literal the question of satisfying a poetical taste might be deemed as of less than no importance.

It is only by taking this view that we can account for such unique specimens of doggerel as are met with here and there throughout this Psalter—a work which our forefathers loved with a veneration that assuredly did more

credit to their hearts than to their heads. Here, for example, is how John Hopkins addresses the Deity in the seventy-fourth psalm:—

Why doost withdrawe thy hand abacke,
And hide it in thy lappe?
O pluck it out, and bee not slacke
To give thy foes a rappe.

In another psalm the Creator is called upon to break "the tuskes that in their great jawbones, like lions' whelpes hang out;" and again He is enjoined to divide His enemies, and "from them pull their devilish double tongue." The good man is not to be dismayed, "though gripes of grief and pangs full sore" shall "lodge with him all night;" and the bridegroom *rady-trimm'd* (i.e., close-shaven) is to come from his chamber as a type of a higher relationship! In the seventh psalm we have an example which does not touch the sacred name:—

He diggs a ditch and delves it deepe,
In hope to hurte his brother;
But he shall fall into the pit
That he digg'd up for other.

It is difficult to believe that such grotesque language as this could ever have fostered devotion or satisfied the pious aspirations of even the most illiterate. It may be true that to have made men sing in concert, in the streets, or at their work, and, merry or sad, on all occasions to tickle the ears with rhyme and touch the heart with emotions was, as Johnson has it, betraying no deficient knowledge of human nature. Nevertheless, it is a pity that the knowledge was not turned in a somewhat more elevated direction. It was Pope who desired to know how devotion could touch the country pews "unless the gods bestowed a proper muse;" and certainly the "scandalous doggerel" of Sternhold and Hopkins—the phrase is Wesley's—seems more fitted to provoke a Christian to turn critic than a critic to turn Christian. As a matter of fact, the old Psalter passed through a sufficient number of criticisms, sneering comments, and lampoons to have killed it outright had

there not been a very strong party on the other side who stoutly refused to look upon its defects. When Fuller said of the versifiers that their piety was far better than their poetry—that they had drunk more of Jordan than of Helicon—he said what all educated people thought; but the verdict passed for nought, because it was the piety and not the poetry that was held to be the first essential. “Sometimes,” continued the old divine, “sometimes they make the master of the tongue speak little better than barbarism, and have in many verses such poor rhyme that two hammers on a smith’s anvil would have made better music.” So, too, thought Edward Phillips, the Cavalier poet, who wrote of some one “singing with woful noise:—

Like a crack’d saint’s bell jarring in the steeple,
Tom Sternhold’s wretched prick-song for the people.

Even the Earl of Rochester joined in the chorus of deprecation. Passing a church on one occasion with Charles II., and hearing the parish clerk singing, he delivered himself of the impromptu:—

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David’s psalms,
To make the heart right glad:
But had it been King David’s fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By heaven! ’twould set him mad.

And so it would, no doubt, only that there is a great probability of the psalmist not recognizing himself in the novel dress! Even a Puritan is known to have written, “out of temper on a panel in one of the pews in Salem Church,” that if “poor King David” could only repair to Salem and there hear his psalms warbled out in a metrical version, he would use—well, as strong language as the circumstance called for.

The popularity of the Sternhold Psalter steadily increased from the time when six thousand persons, old and young, of both sexes, were to be heard singing psalms at St. Paul’s Cross after the regular church service. The number of separate editions of it

which were issued is almost incredible. Before the year 1700 there were close upon three hundred and sixty, and the British Museum has a total of six hundred and one up to the last edition that was published during the present century. The version had even a concordance prepared for itself; while some enthusiast in the time of Charles II. had it printed in shorthand! Much is made by some historians of the official “allowance” permitted to the version—as if such allowance carried with it a certificate of merit. The “allowance,” as a matter of fact, seems to have been rather a connivance than an approbation; indeed, we doubt if it meant anything more than authorized and legal printing. Other versions, such as King James’s and Sir Richard Blackmore’s, were “allowed” and yet were never used in the churches; they might be used or they might not; and as the Sternhold Psalter was not sanctioned either by Convocation or by Parliament, it had simply the advantage over other versions of being first in the field as a complete work.

But even Sternhold had to give way in course of time to more polished poets. In several quarters objections were being raised against the “singing psalms,” and an amended version would no doubt be looked upon by those in authority as the chief means whereby such objections might be removed. Since the first publication of the Sternhold Psalter several metrical versions had appeared, some of which were superior, both in poetical feeling and smoothness of diction, to the early version. The Psalter of Rous, as we shall see, had already (1650) been adopted by the Scottish Presbyterians, who had recognized in it a decided improvement on its predecessors, and although the English authorities were at first disposed to favor it—and, indeed, had it, along with other versions, under protracted consideration—nothing definite was done until 1696, when Tate and Brady were drawn from their obscurity and made the heroes of what was henceforward officially known as “the new version.”

There is no more curious chapter in the history of the metrical psalm than that which is concerned with the couple of impecunious Irishmen who perpetrated in concert this version, or rather perversion, of King David. Knowing the history and character of the men, it is, in fact, a positive surprise to find them engaged in such an undertaking at all. Some writer near his own day has described Nahum Tate as "a man of learning and candor," who had "a good share of wit, and a great deal of modesty, which prevented his making his fortune." But Tate's modesty was all on the surface. It did not prevent him attempting a continuation of Dryden's great satire, "Absalom and Achitophel"—nay, it restrained him not from laying hands on Shakespeare himself. That he succeeded in getting into the chair of the poet-laureate is perhaps not to be counted against his supposed virtue, for the office was not in those days conspicuous for the eminence of its occupants. But there was a better reason than Tate's modesty for his not making a fortune; he was both improvident and intemperate; and when he died in 1715, it was in the privileged precincts of the Mint, which strangely enough, was then a sanctum for debtors. He was a "shady" character altogether, and his connection with the Psalter cannot have been matter for pleasant contemplation to many. Nor was Nicholas Brady's reputation much better. He was, to be sure, an ecclesiastic, being, in fact, at one time chaplain to the king; but he was as often in debt as his coadjutor and the Church was so little of a support to him that he took to keeping a school at Richmond, where he died in 1726. His literary reputation was even less than Tate's. He had all the dulness which Pope desiderated in the sound divine, and his productions have long since found a place among the most forgotten of books. The best thing he ever did was when, through some influence he was able to command with King James's general, he prevented the burning of his native town in Ireland.

A keen eye for the main chance seems to have led the authors of the "new version" to undertake what was for them a novel task. They began with a tentative collection of twenty-five psalms, issued, no doubt, as a specimen for the guidance of those who were then deliberating about a successor to Sternhold. This was in 1695, and by the close of the following year the two Irishmen had, as appears from the terms of a very long deed, entered into partnership with the Stationers' Company for printing the completed Psalter. The copyright was divided into three great allotments of eighty shares each, with option of purchase by any one or more of the shareholders, but the property very soon after vested in the Stationers' Company. The whole thing was purely a business speculation; that it did not bring a substantial pecuniary return was no fault of the authors. The version, unfortunately for those who concocted it, had to fight against both criticism and prejudice. Its defenders were long engaged in a polemical warfare on its behalf, and pamphlets on both sides of the question came from the press in no inconsiderable number. The "allowance" this time was perfectly unambiguous in its terms; the version was simply to be used "in such congregations as may think fit to receive it." For a long time few congregations thought seriously of making a change. The great body of the people seem to have been quite satisfied with Sternhold and Hopkins, and clung to the old familiar doggerel with a tenacity which would have befitted a better cause.

Yet the people had some reason on their side. At the best it could only be said of Tate and Brady that they were a little more refined than their predecessors. The general run of their verse was smoother and more correct, while they had also the much-lauded merit of being fairly faithful to the original. On the other hand, they had defects which the earlier versifiers had not—or, at any rate, had in much less degree. Their language was too often wordy and inflated; they had a constant habit,

as most feeble poets have, of sinking into flatness and prose; and they were much given to what the author of "The Minstrel" called the familiar phrases, antitheses, and other conceits that prevailed among the middling poets of the time. Archdeacon Hare thought they were successful in one direction only, namely, in stripping the psalms of all their original life and power; while James Montgomery considered them nearly as inanimate as Sternhold. Our critic charged the authors with "rebellious against King David, and murdering his psalms." Another, with more calmness and wisdom, said that although they were not excellent, they were not intolerable. For all this, Tate and Brady between them managed to conceive some very good lines—which, indeed, they could hardly help doing in such a mass of effort—and one, at least, of their psalms, "As pants the hart for cooling streams," is likely to be immortal through the music of Spohr's lovely anthem. There is a tradition that these touches, which cause the desert to blossom like the rose, are by no less a hand than that of Dryden, but the tradition is entirely unsupported.

The "new version" never altogether succeeded in supplanting the earlier Psalter; but it was the last metrical version of the psalms used in the Church of England, and as such it may come to be regarded by the future historian as in the nature of a "venerable link." Among the English Non-conformists the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins continued in use until the time of what the cynic called "Watts's whims," which opened the stream of song that was later on to be swelled by Cowper, Wesley, and others. Watts tried his hand on the psalms too, but he was straightforward in the matter; they were only "The Psalms of David imitated." His object, as he put it himself, was to "Christianize" the Psalter, but, unluckily, the result proved as little of a success as all the other attempts to gild the refined gold. The thought was true, but the form of utterance was false; or, to quote Dr. George MacDonald, "the feeling was

lovely, the word often to a degree repulsive." Watts wrote some good hymns, but he was not equal to the rewriting of the Psalter, although he declared that his effort in this direction was "the greatest work that ever he had published or ever hopes to do." So little is an author able to estimate aright his own creations!

In Scotland the reign of the metrical psalm has been uninterrupted since the days of Knox. But the Scottish Presbyterians have, on the whole, done better than the English Churchmen. Their first Psalter, it is true, was mainly that of Sternhold, but there were important differences of detail. Hopkins was much less numerously represented; Kethe, the author of the well-known hundredth psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," contributed more largely; and there were two entirely new versifiers, both Edinburgh clergymen, who between them made an addition of twenty-one psalms to the version. The work of the Scottish versifiers—for Kethe, Craig, and Pont were all Scots—is distinctly superior to that of the English. Kethe, indeed, in his "common" metres, seldom rises above the common level, but his compositions in long metre show a spirit and an easy grace that are quite unusual in his day. Of the entire series of contributors to the Sternhold Psalter, he is certainly entitled to the highest place. Some of Craig's long metres, again, are among the finest specimens in the collection—although, to be sure, that is not saying much; and Pont's "peculiar" metres are so peculiarly good that they have been incorporated with the psalms at present in use.

The Sternhold Psalter, however, never won for itself in Scotland the popularity which it secured in England, although it had an official existence of close upon a hundred years. The Reformed Church had enjoyed only a life of half a century when it was proposed to have a "revisel of the psalms in metre," and as time went on the desire for a change became more and more emphatic. It was at this juncture that the so-called version of James VI. came into play.

We say so-called, for it is now pretty generally admitted that James was only the nominal author—that in reality he was strutting in plumes borrowed from Sir William Alexander, better known afterwards as the Earl of Stirling. But James undoubtedly did do something towards the making of a new version. In a letter written in 1620 to Drummond of Hawthornden, Alexander acknowledges the receipt from Drummond of "the psalm you sent, which I think very well done." He goes on: "I had done the same long before it came, but James prefers his own to all else, though perchance, when you see it, you will think it the worst of the three. No man must meddle with that subject, and, therefore, I advise you to take no more pains therein." The fancy must have highly delighted the royal rhymers; for in such an undertaking the Hebrew original might, at any rate, be imitated to the extent of having king and poet in one individual. In 1611 James had got his bishops and divines to provide the people with a new Bible, and if he reserved the recasting of the old psalm-book for himself, who shall blame him? The monarch might authorize the use of Sternhold; surely he might authorize—nay, might even command—the use of King James! But the opportunity did not come in his way. According to the Bishop of Lincoln's funeral sermon, James's work of versification was "staied in the one-and-thirty psalme," when "God called him to sing psalmes with the angels." In this way it came about that the completion of "our late deare father's" psalm-book was entrusted by Charles to Sir William Alexander, the man who had already proved himself the "trustie and well-beloved" coadjutor of James.

Alexander had been engaged for some time when, in 1626, Charles addressed a letter to the Archbishop of St. Andrews announcing that the version would very soon be finished, and asking for assistance from the Scottish clergy in the way of having it accepted by the people. But neither clergy nor people would have anything to do with King James as completed by the "Lord of

Stirling." He was openly rejected and severely criticised. He called the sun "the lord of light" and the moon the "pale lady of the night," and how could self-respecting Presbyterians be expected to sing such nonsense as that? Calderwood was specially hard on the version. It was "harsh and thraven;" it had "new, coined, and court terms;" it was full of "poetical conceits," and showed a "heathenish liberty" of metre, and on the whole it would only serve to "mak' people glaik." Still, Charles was not to be outdone, and in the December of 1634 we find him enjoining the Privy Council of Scotland that "no other psalms of any edition whatever be either printed hereafter within that our kingdom, or imported thither, either bound by themselves or otherways, from any forraine partes." This enactment had no practical effect, but the king seemed determined to carry his point, and several further attempts to enforce the royal version were made up to 1637, when it received its death-blow as part of the luckless Liturgy of Laud.

There is no need to recall the results of Charles's injudicious efforts to regulate church government and worship in Scotland. In a few days after Jenny Geddes had hurled her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh in St. Giles's Cathedral, the great majority of the people were singing the national covenant, binding themselves by "solemn oath" to oppose the revival of "popish errors" in Scotland, and to unite "for the defence of their laws, their freedom, and their king." The commotion soon extended to England, and by and by the whole country was crying aloud for uniformity in doctrine, discipline, Church government, and what not. A "uniform" metrical psalter was among the desiderated improvements upon the then condition of affairs ecclesiastical. The Scottish psalter, as we have already seen, differed considerably from the English; and besides this, both versions, it was felt, contained a good deal that was at once obsolete and objectionable. A new version was thus not only expedient but advisable, and the matter was heartily entered

into when the famous Assembly of Divines met at Westminster in 1643. Much time and much argument were spent over the several translations sent in by their authors for the approval of the divines, but in the end Tate and Brady carried the day for the Church of England, and Francis Rous became the accepted of the Scottish Presbyterians.

"Our old friend Rous," as Carlyle calls him, was one of the lay commissioners of the very assembly which sat in judgment upon his poetical "travails." A native of Cornwall, he had several times been returned to Parliament, and was successively a member of Cromwell's Council and his House of Lords. Cromwell was his hero, and that hero he regarded as a compound of the characters of Moses and Joshua. During the Commonwealth he was made Provost of Eton, and he held this lucrative post until his death in 1658. It was probably on account of his proposal to form the English Commonwealth after the model of the Jewish that he earned for himself the title of "the illiterate Jew of Eton," given him by the Royalists. That he was not illiterate we know from his works as well as from his career, although, to judge him solely by his Psalter, there might be with some a *prima facie* ground for the opprobrious designation. Even the Scottish Presbyterians were not entirely pleased with his treatment of King David. Their commissioners at the Westminster Assembly had recommended the acceptance of his version, but this did not prevent the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland from taking the work into its own "independent consideration." At a meeting of the head court in 1647 a committee of four eminent Churchmen was appointed, with instructions to amend in the Rous Psalter "such passages as were faulty, to avail themselves of the labors of other poetical writers, and to attend to the animadversions of Presbyteries."

It was a novel piece of literary work, this tinkering of an author while the author was himself living; but the

committee went forward to the task with a will, and in less than two years the Psalter, as used by the Scottish Kirk to-day, had been "authorized" by the Assembly and the Scottish Parliament. Sternhold was dead. Rous reigned in his stead. No doubt it cost the Scottish people a pang to part with their old Psalter, notwithstanding its many and grave defects. It was the psalm-book of Knox, of Welsh, of Melville, and of the men who carried on the struggle with James VI. and Charles I. It had "cheered the prisoners in the dungeons of Blackness, sailed with them in their ships to France, consoled their exile, and sent its notes from Duns Law across the Merse to challenge the song of the Cavaliers." On sentimental grounds its claims to the veneration and regard of the nation were thus by no means slight. But the tide of reform in matters both civil and religious had set in strong; and the idea of having one common form of worship would naturally outweigh such considerations of sentiment as may have attached to the giving up of the old Psalter.

Regarded as a literary production, the Rous version is greatly in advance of its predecessor. Indeed, it is upon the whole the best poetical translation of the psalms of which the English literature can boast. There is a fine, manly ring about it that is quite foreign to Tate and Brady, and a smoothness which the Sternhold versifiers seldom attained. It is characterized by an eminent truthfulness to the original, and it yields the sense of the Hebrew in a real Saxon strength and simplicity. But it has its imperfections and its blemishes too. It is deficient in variety of metre; its language is in too many instances blunt and uncouth; and its rhymes are often rough and ragged to the verge of doggerel. There are frequent obscurities, and many ambiguities in the style; the old Scottish idiom occurs in several places; and, as Dr. Beattie once pointed out, the antiquated Scottish pronunciation is sometimes necessary to make out the rhyme. All this would, no doubt, have been admitted by the past generations

who have used the Psalter from Sunday to Sunday as a vehicle of devotion.

But to look at the Psalter from the purely Scottish point of view is not to criticise it at all. It has been woven into the religious life of the people; and so, whilst it is of little poetical value, the people regard it as both beautiful and venerable. Sir Walter Scott gave fine expression to this sentiment when, in the early years of the century, he was consulted about a proposal to make another change in the version. "The expression of the old metrical psalms," says Sir Walter, "though homely, is plain, forcible, and intelligible, and very often possesses a rude sort of majesty which, perhaps, would be ill-exchanged for mere eloquence. Their antiquity is also a circumstance striking to the imagination, and possessing a corresponding influence upon the feelings. They are the very words and accents of our early reformers, sung by them in woe and gratitude in the fields, in the churches, and on the scaffold. The parting with this very association of ideas is a serious loss to the cause of devotion. I have an old-fashioned taste in sacred, as well as profane poetry; I cannot help preferring even Sternhold and Hopkins to Tate and Brady, and our own metrical version to both. I hope, therefore, it will be touched with a lenient hand." The Psalter was, however, left untouched; and in Scotland Rous is sung to-day as he left the Assembly's hands in 1649.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
THE RULE OF THE LAYWOMAN.

BY MRS. STEPHEN BATSON.

In the course of the last forty years, as is generally acknowledged, an enormous change has taken place in our churches, our clergy, and our congregations. Our churches have been renovated and restored, with more zeal, perhaps, than discretion, and made fit and seemly for public worship; our old-fashioned clergy have in the main died

out, and a new generation has arisen whose care and thought for the buildings and the souls entrusted to them are unequalled, one would imagine, in ecclesiastical history; and our congregations have become, if not larger, certainly more active, more devoted, and more vigorous than they were in the early years of the century.

In the country districts the changes in the churches and in the clergy are more noticeable than the lesser mutations in the congregations; for the rustic mind is slow to work, and deprecates any alteration savoring of the much-dreaded bugbear popery. But if the laborer in his cottage is less ardent, less militant perhaps than we would fain see him, at any rate his feudal lady at the Hall makes up for all his short-comings in this respect.

Not long since, while staying at an hotel in a popular holiday resort, I happened to meet a couple of men, not very young nor yet quite middle-aged, who were evidently faithful sons of the Church. Our talk turned on the vexed question of clerical celibacy, and one of my acquaintances, who advocated it very strongly, could give no better reason for the faith that was in him than his conviction that a parson's wife invariably took too much upon her, and insisted upon being pope in her husband's parish. Now this man was a London man, and had not lived in a country place for many years, or he would have known how completely this condition of things has been altered. No doubt in former days, when the parson—as not infrequently was the case—was careless, apathetic, and perhaps morally insensible or incompetent, his wife, with the self-abnegation and conscientiousness which distinguish her sex, was obliged in a degree to take his place, and to arrogate to herself duties and responsibilities that were not rightly hers. And doubtless in some few cases this state of things still continues, under press of special circumstances; but the clergywoman as a general rule is now forced to "take a back seat," and to yield the authority she possessed, but never coveted, to

one who feels herself capable of this or any other charge—the Laywoman at the Hall.

In the pages of this review we have had more than one article written from the laywoman's standpoint, and she has permitted us to see a little of that inner life of hers, which appears to be at once so interesting and so useful. Her lines have certainly fallen to her in pleasant places, and it is not to be wondered at that one on whom Providence has showered so many blessings should find it difficult to believe that she is not deserving of them. And, indeed, so far as a mere mortal may presume to judge of the matter, I believe that she really is deserving of them, for she is not only an enviable woman—she is almost invariably also a good woman.

The laywoman has, generally speaking, a high social position in the country; her husband is the owner of several hundred, or, as is more often the case, of several thousand acres, and his people have been settled in the neighborhood probably for half-a-dozen generations, if not more. She feels herself a person of importance, and she is anxious, out of her great generosity, that others shall share her feeling, for she is a truly religious woman and loves to do good. Do I say that she loves to do good? I should rather have said that she loves to see other people doing good under her direction and sole supervision, for this is the prominent characteristic of the laywoman at the Hall.

She is really very interesting and unconsciously entertaining sometimes, and gives her clerical officer a good deal of quiet enjoyment, when he is in a humor which permits him to appreciate her. He goes home and tells his wife of the laywoman's latest development, and if they are wise they will both find matter for a laugh in it; but it is not always possible to laugh, and at times the laywoman is certainly a little trying. It must always be borne in mind that the territorial great lady is anxious to do good—although perhaps only vicariously—and it appears to her that the most suitable substitute she

can have for herself is her own vicar. Well is he called vicar, for is he not truly a substitute?

She is a busy woman, and she takes some pains to keep us informed about her manifold occupations. She reminds us that she is a wife, a mother, and a hostess; she speaks in public occasionally, writes for half-a-dozen magazines, cultivates a pretty talent for water-colors and music, and keeps up an enormous correspondence. She presides over two or three charitable organizations, plays lady-in-waiting to her husband, regulates her household, and superintends the education of her children. Besides these duties she is burdened with the care of a parish, with the entertainment of the county neighbors, and with the absolute necessity of "growing a little soul" by reading and study. Now all this is a large order, and one can hardly believe that it is possible to maintain and to carry out with thoroughness so many interests; at any rate one inclines to think that some at least of them must suffer. But she is a remarkable woman, and her versatility and energy are unbounded. If she consents to let any one of her occupations go to the wall, we may safely conclude that it will not be the regulation of her parish; to this she clings, and will cling while breath endures. The clergywoman has been ousted from her old undesired supremacy, and her place has been amply filled by the laywoman at the Hall.

She has one or two simple laws, for which, in her own unobtrusive and womanly way she is anxious to find general acceptance, in order to establish them as a New Commandment. Firstly: the laywoman is the head of the parish; whatever is done in it must be done with her previous sanction; it is more likely to be successful if it is she who has instigated it. Secondly: when the laywoman has inspired or sanctioned a course, the working of it and the trouble and responsibility of it are to devolve on her vicarius. Thirdly: it being generally acknowledged that the course inspired or sanctioned by the

laywoman is perfect of its kind, failures and disappointments, if they result, are due to the incompetency or bad management of the vicarius, Fourthly: if by the exercise of his ill judgment the vicarius should himself plan out any important line of action, his ideas are to be submitted, before being carried into effect, to the laywoman, and all details disapproved by her are to be immediately and unquestioningly eliminated.

These are her four laws, which change not; there are other lesser rules which, being only rules and not laws, are liable to modification, and must not therefore be included in the laywoman's New Commandment.

But besides being acknowledged as ruler she is anxious to be guide, counsellor, and friend to Vicarius, to Mrs. Vicarius, and above all to the curate, whom she regards as her own lawful property and most obedient subject. She is the sweet monitress, the able adviser, the gentle inquisitor, and the impartial judge. She dispenses her rewards and inflicts her punishments with equitable justice; her rewards may not be very valuable, nor her punishments weighty, but they serve the purpose for which she designs them—they mark her approbation or her displeasure. Would not Vicarius rather see a sweet smile, and accept an invitation to dinner, than endure the infelicity of a frown, and hear Diaconus preferred before him? We are only mortals after all, and the arbiter of our lives is the laywoman.

Is Vicarius subject to colds in the chest? The laywoman assures him that hoarseness arises from imperfect voice production; she lends him Larringe's great work on the vocal cords, and begs him to study it, giving him to understand in her gentle, round-about fashion that he would be more audible in the pulpit if he would be careful to produce his voice after Larringe's method. Poor Vicarius is middle-aged; his voice comes as it can, or does not come at all; his vocal cords have established a method of their own; he takes the ponderous volume, keeps

it an unconscionable time, and returns it with many thanks when the laywoman happens to be not at the Hall.

Was last Sunday's sermon a little transcendental, not sufficiently practical? She has a volume of sermons which she will be charmed to lend him; they are by that dear Canon Plainwords, and deal exclusively with the deadly half, in view of the purest Church doctrine. She takes the opportunity to let Vicarius understand—for she would not crudely express herself in so many words—that his sermons are often a little too spiritual in tone; and that more decided dogma, combined with plain expositions of the latter half of the Decalogue, would better meet the understanding of his rustic congregation. She hastens also to observe that simple, almost monosyllabic language is the most easily comprehended, and that she thinks it an excellent plan to cultivate what she is pleased to call an Anglo-Saxon style.

Does Vicarius preach from manuscript, and does Diaconus address the congregation extemporaneously? The laywoman approves neither method. Perhaps she will not tell Vicarius, but she will certainly inform Diaconus that extempore addresses are an insult to the understanding of the educated, and that written sermons are abominated by the illiterate villager. She will say this to Diaconus in plain language, for she is not so careful to smother his pills in jam as she is to disguise the nauseous medicine administered to his chief; she will tell him that sermons should be carefully written with the help of certain well-known authorities (a list of which she is ready to supply); that they should be learnt by heart, and delivered without book, and if possible without notes of any kind. Extempore preaching must be left to good preachers, and the arbitrator of their capacity is the laywoman. Finally on this point, she is incapable of supposing that any sermon delivered in her own village church by her own village parson could by any possibility be applied to her own instruction. She carefully follows the preacher's argument, gauges its

value by its power to reach the lowest intelligence present, and awards it her approval or her reprehension according as it fulfils, or does not fulfil, the rules laid down by her on the subject.

The husband of the laywoman owns a big London house, and represents his county division in Parliament. She necessarily accompanies him to town, and her absence may last several months. But she does not lay down her sceptre, she nominates no regent, she gives no power of attorney to her vicarius. She is kept informed, no one knows how, on parochial matters; and when at length she returns, wearied out with the pleasures she loves to call by the name of duty, she cheerfully announces that "we" must all get to work now with a will, to make up for lost time. She takes it for granted that the efforts of Vicarius and Diaconus have been rendered futile through her absence, if, indeed, there have been any efforts worth mentioning at all.

She is a good woman and a religious, and one article of her creed is the beauty of character owned by all the village poor. To be sure she does not know the people very well; perhaps her memory is a bad one, for she is apt to question Sukey Watts very severely concerning a childish depredation in the apple orchard committed by Polly Waite's youngest boy, and she has even been known to inquire tenderly of Meshech Giles into the state of a broken arm owned in reality by Jack Nash. But her intention is good, and although Sukey may feel a little sore after her cross-examination, Meshech bears his feudal lady no grudge for crediting him with a fracture inflicted in a disreputable public-house brawl. She is very kind to "the missis," and it is not to be expected that she should remember the likes of him, although he has worked for years on the estate. The laywoman is indeed very kind to all her villagers, and a firm believer in them; her knowledge may be small, but her credulity is great; in fact, it might almost be said that her sight is swallowed up in faith. Occasionally,

however, under press of extreme provocation, she will admit that village people are not always quite truthful.

The laywoman would not for worlds so far forget herself as to discuss Vicarius or Diaconus with their rustic parishioners, but she considers it her duty to listen to any remarks or criticisms that may be made to her in the cottages she visits. Sally Joyce tells her that it is six months and a week "come Friday" since the vicar has been to see her; the laywoman does not remind her—perhaps hardly remembers—that old Sally lives in the district allotted for visiting to the curate, who comes to her regularly. Sally will then proceed to declare that she couldn't abide the sermon last Sunday, because there was no Gospel in it, and she will make half-a-dozen other critical remarks unrebuked, or only feebly deprecated, because the laywoman is anxious to get at what she likes to call the "feeling of the parish." She tells herself when the day is ended that the cares of parochial life are a heavy burden to her, but that it is through her alone that redress for grievances can come.

She loves organizations; religious organizations first of all, and after them political ones. She loves the Primrose League. When she first started it Vicarius put his foot down with some firmness, and declared his intention of holding aloof from it. He disliked the parade of political parties in a country parish; he loathed the methods of the Primrose League. Her most powerful arguments, her sweetest smiles were wasted on him—he was immovable. So poor little Mrs. Vicarius, who has no single political conviction, was obliged to throw herself into the breach and declare ardently for the establishment of a habitation. The league is firmly planting itself amongst a select minority who are almost all canvassers and officials, and the antagonism between the classes is slowly but surely increasing under its fostering care.

This rebellion of Vicarius against established authority is not his first.

He has had to revolt before, and he will probably have to revolt again, but he will not do so more often than he is obliged, for it is important that an appearance of amity between the Hall and the Vicarage should be preserved if the parish is to be at all under control. There is small chance for the religious growth of a village where squire and parson are notoriously at loggerheads. If one or other goes to the wall it is certain to be the parson, and with him goes the influence he was able to preserve under the powerful *opis* of his territorial supporters—an influence in addition to and apart from that which is his in respect of his office and personal character. Still he is obliged at times to assert his authority, and for a while afterwards he snatches a fearful joy when he thinks of it, and his wife pats him on the back for the courage he has displayed. But he cannot long or often enjoy the luxury of revolt; he is a poor man, and his widows are relying on help for their rent, or their coal, or their Christmas gifts. The laywoman must be approached for her promised dole for their needs. So Vicarius goes to the Hall and "behaves pretty," and is tacitly forgiven, and the laywoman once more reigns supreme.

But, although she reigns, and, what is still more important, governs in her parish, she is inclined to think slightly of Mrs. Vicarius, who has not the strength, even if she had the will, to wrest the reins of management from her hands. Mrs. Vicarius is a harmless and timid little person who is oppressed by the responsibilities thrust upon her by half-a-dozen babies of various ages. The thoughtful laywoman has an eye on her also. She considers it a sin against common sense and parochial organization that Mrs. Vicarius should indulge in the over-full quiver which appears to be her lot. She has even been known to hint very delicately and gently to Mrs. Vicarius that two olive branches, or at the most three, round about his table are all that a poor country parson can rightly afford on four hundred a year. And indeed life

is something of a struggle to Mrs. Vicarius; probably she has only one youthful nursemaid, and her motherly heart realizes that home duties are the first to be considered. She manages her scanty household staff with an ingenuity almost incredible, and is ignorant of the very existence of the first article in the New Creed of Womanhood, "Thou shalt not be a Domestic Drudge." But although her heart is at home, and her chief interests lie there, she finds plenty of time to carry on the various parochial organizations instituted by the ever-energetic laywoman. She superintends the Mothers' Meeting which the laywoman started a few years ago and has never had time to attend to since; she continues the girls' needlework gatherings, the missionary work parties for the farmers' wives, and half-a-dozen other little duties which have been handed over to her at various times. Her superior officer looks in occasionally to approve or to disapprove, to suggest alterations, or to leave subscriptions, for she is generous with her money for parish needs; Mrs. Vicarius has no responsibility save the responsibility of failure; for she knows that while she is sedulously consulted on every subject, her opinions, her suggestions, her wishes are all ignored with the utmost patience and with the sweetest of smiles by the laywoman.

The laywoman, let me repeat, is a really good woman. She loves to see Vicarius at work in his parish—or rather in her parish. She cannot imagine any occupation more engrossing or more satisfying—for him. But neither can she imagine that the hard, unceasing round of daily work—the life that is spent, as the town parson's life is *not* spent, in an atmosphere unrelieved (excepting in his own home) by one single word of sympathy from year's end to year's end; the incessant toil which is dispiriting because it seems to result in nothing—she cannot see that these require sometimes an outlet, a variety, a holiday in the form of some innocent diversion, some unwonted amusement which will send him

back refreshed and rejuvenated to the labor of love in which his life is spent. An afternoon on the river, passed in pleasant, useless effort to catch the wily trout; a day's shooting in the coverts of the laywoman's husband; an hour's sketching in some shady spot in the summer weather; an occasional winter evening devoted to music at the Vicarage, when Vicarius brings out his fiddle from its almost forgotten hiding-place, and Diaconus joins in with his fine bass, and even poor, worn Mrs. Vicarius is persuaded to take her old place at the piano—are these all snares to be avoided, or are they legitimate interruptions to a lifetime of labor? The laywoman thinks that, for the parson, they are snares; and, while she is always ready to point out fresh work to him, she will show him by her silence that these amusements are not rightly his.

She and her husband are people of some account in the world; not infrequently they gather around them those whose intellect is most renowned, and they rejoice in this intercourse with men of culture. Vicarius, who was a scholar in his day, and still keeps up an infrequent but very loving acquaintance with his classics, would delight above everything to meet these heroes of his romance, and to enjoy their society while they are near him; but such pleasure is not for him. He pines for a sight of the books and reviews dealing with the burning questions of the day, which lie on the library table at the Hall; but he is never invited to enjoy them. He yearns above all for a friend—for some man who will give him the companionship he sorely needs, not in the way of duty or business, but as man to man, as soul to soul, in the deadly isolation of a country parish. There is a heart hunger in him which is never satisfied—a longing for the fellowship in friendliness of some one of his kind. But the laywoman, if she thinks of these things, fears for the evil result which might ensue to Vicarius if he were thus permitted to step outside his rightful province; it is perhaps through her influence that these

temptations are withheld, and he is gently encouraged to seek his relaxation and his mental stimulus in Betty Wernham's sore leg, or in Daddy Gillam's painful and stubborn heterodoxy on the subject of altar lights.

And yet she is inconsistent—for she is only a woman after all—when she laments, as she sometimes does, that the parson does not keep pace with the times. In a paper in this review, written by a lady who has made herself a spokeswoman for her class, we are told that the times are changing, and that the clergy can no longer be the sole expositors of Christianity. It is complained of them that they are not abreast of modern thought, that they ignore the teaching of science, and that they are incapacitated by reserve from living with their time, and from the power to feel the moral pulse of those around them. We are told that the age of doctrine is passing away, and that faith is developing into a new phase with which the parson cannot keep pace. But who is it that would be most shocked, most revolted, most horrified at any exposition in his parish church by Vicarius of the new thought which is taking hold of the world? Surely the ordinary laywoman. Her little superficial cloak of scepticism, of agnosticism, of eclecticism is for herself alone, and she would view with real distress any attempt to shake the old-fashioned faith of her parishioners, even if Vicarius were inclined to make it. She may like the new thought for herself, but she likes the old thought for the village, and still it is a grievance to her that she cannot get both from Vicarius.

Yet she is a good woman, and Vicarius greatly respects her. Her failings are those of her class and her sex, but her virtues are all her own, and they are many. The territorial great lady is the one lay person in a country parish who cares for the temporal or the spiritual welfare of the poor. She is always willing to talk about them, to help them, to plan for them, and to give to them. If they are in need, she supplies them out of her abundance; if

they are sick, their chief reliance is on her for comforts and for necessities. She could ill be spared, as no one is more willing than Vicarius to acknowledge, and while he admits that even in her there is ample room for improvement, he will still maintain so long as he dwells in a remote country parish that, with all her inconsistencies, her prejudices, her limitations, one of his most valued blessings is the Laywoman at the Hall.

From Longman's Magazine.
FUSBOS THE AARDVARK.

Among her many strange beasts Africa boasts none queerer than the Aardvark. That the animal should be popularly known by names of such widely differing import as "Earth Pig" and "Ant Bear" is a significant indication of the puzzle it is to make him out; but it must be owned that, while the general resemblance to Piggy is pronounced, any likeness to Bruin is difficult to discover. Yet another and fitter appellation bestowed on him is "Ant Eater;" and the writer once had the joy of seeing in a Cape newspaper an "*Aunt-Eater*" advertised for sale.

Heavy body, thick, scantily haired hide, snout of portentous length, huge erect ears, most muscular limbs bearing heavy hoof-claws, all these features combine in a creature whose oddity is further borne out by a ridiculously small mouth and a ponderous tail. To be born, too, into a world of warfare without the remotest chance of ever possessing more than the simplest apologies for teeth—and those so far back as to be quite out of sight—seems a terrible disadvantage to a rather large animal, with much flesh on his bones, in a continent where great beasts of prey abound. Yet the Aardvark, in two slightly differing forms, has managed to occupy the whole of Africa proper and to flourish there. Two things have stood him in good stead, viz., his unequalled powers of burrowing and his attachment to a food everywhere plentiful—the termites, or

"white ants"—which he alone can always obtain. It is true, of course, that when the winged termites stream forth by millions from their fortresses scarcely a beast or bird under heaven falls to compete eagerly for the prey; but this is only a feast of short duration at a particular season, whereas all the year round the hardest "ant-hills" of the termites are but pie-crust to the claws of the Aardvark, and their teaming inmates the helpless captives of his surprising tongue.

As far as human enemies are concerned—and while blacks like the meat whites approve of the leather—the nocturnal activity of the Aardvark and his underground seclusion during the day have doubtless afforded him great protection. All who have essayed the task agree that it is no joke to dig out one of these animals, as he can burrow much faster than any one can dig; and even when, by the combined efforts of a party of diggers, he is exposed to view, the extraordinary tenacity of his hold on the hard ground makes his removal uninjured no easy job.

It will be seen, then, that while the Aardvark may be far from uncommon in many districts it is not very often that a living specimen is forthcoming; and I had been for some years in Cape Colony without seeing more than one—a fine fellow obtained by the governor for the London "Zoo." This individual, during his short stay in Cape Town, was the source of great amusement to his Excellency's staff and their friends, as he was securely tied up in a corner of a stable, and on the introduction of a visitor invariably let drive with his powerful legs a shower of earth and cobble stones in his vigorous endeavors to hide himself underground.

Greatly did I desire to possess a living Aardvark, and proportionate was my rejoicing when a friend in the distant uplands of the Calvinia district wrote that he had despatched by wagon to my address a young male in good health and condition. A fortnight later the distinguished stranger arrived, and was received with every attention. He was only about half grown, and had

been securely packed in a cage none too large for him. While we were removing the bars he grunted impatiently until released, when he soon stretched his cramped limbs, and I found that, except for some slight abrasions on his joints, he had not suffered from his long journey. As he tottered about in an aimless, sideways fashion, I thought that I had never in nature beheld so grotesque a shape and gait. And then his face—his almost indescribable face—where the combined expressions of professorial gravity and toothless senility were in startling contrast with a small but bright, youthful, and distinctly mirthful eye. What an original and charming incongruity was there, and how it reminded one of Pantaloon played by too young an actor. On the spot I recognized that this to all appearance living fossil was full of fun, and forthwith dubbed him "Fusbos," after the well-known philosopher.

Taken to the adjacent field, Fusbos essayed divers ungainly ambles, but was much hampered by his stiffness, and so took to the congenial exercise of burrowing. The soil was soft, after recent rains, and before you could turn round he was half buried. Nothing short of the whole strength of the company prevented the total disappearance of our new treasure, and his possibly astounding the dean and chapter of the adjacent cathedral by coming up through the floor. And so we reluctantly decided that he could not be left at liberty. Great were his gruntings, kickings, and scatterings of earth before he could be safely bestowed in the fine large cage provided for him; but, once there, he seemed to accept the situation, and proceeded to potter all round it, gravely examining every part.

In his new quarters sundry eatables were offered him, but, after deliberate applications of his colossal nose, nothing was accepted except some finely chopped raw meat. Falling white ants, numerous other insects were provided, but, as Fusbos would have none of them, we had to fall back upon chopped meat and hard-boiled eggs, which, mixed with milk, became his regular food.

In a very short time he became quite friendly, not only with myself, but with others whom he saw daily—particularly, of course, with the cook, a most kind-hearted Irishwoman. It soon became a constant practice for her to open his cage door morning and evening, when out he would shamble, and in the awkwardest of paces follow her to the kitchen, where his meal would be ready. As their intimacy improved Biddy would often take up his dish and pretend to make off with it, whereupon Fusbos would give chase, with extraordinary rearings, gruntings, and loud clatter of claws, unmistakably entering into the spirit of the joke, prodding at her with his snout or trying to seize her with his paws. On these occasions he was irresistibly ludicrous, and more like a jovial spectre than anything earthly.

When introduced to other animals Fusbos always exhibited a whimsical friendliness, but this was (with only one exception) far from being reciprocated on their part. Various dogs were much discomposed by his presence, and yelped or barked at him, varying their note to growls if he came near, and the more timid of them keeping at a considerable distance, or even beating a retreat. The house cat resented with horror his first approaches. She stood rigid and staring, with every hair on end, and then, sputtering and grumbling, edged off sideways, and finally fled to some hiding-place, not reappearing for many hours, and then with extreme caution. Even old Testy, the giant Aldabra tortoise, retired into his shell with hissing disapproval when Fusbos made an amiable attempt to rub noses with him. Only fearless little Mietje, the "mierkat"—a species of mongoose endowed with the brightest intelligence and an insatiable curiosity—stood up at once to the quaint new-comer, and began to explore his spacious person with the utmost *sang-froid*. Fusbos evidently appreciated these attentions, enjoying the nosings and scrapings so actively administered by his alert new acquaintance. The most amicable relations were speedily established between

these profoundly differing creatures, and a visit to Fusbos often ended in the mierkat's going to sleep snugly curled up on his friend's broad body.

The great tortoise by degrees grew quite indifferent to the presence of Fusbos, and completely ignored him, but the dogs continued to be disquieted, and snuffed most suspiciously about him; while the cat, though in a measure learning to tolerate him, could never be brought to make friends or voluntarily to touch him. No snubbing or discouragement, however, could daunt or sour the sociable Fusbos, who really seemed to have an inexhaustible store of good feeling towards all his fellow-creatures.

But poor Fusbos was not destined to amuse us for long, or to teach us whether in maturity he would have retained the engaging pleasantries of his youth. No doubt the want of his natural food, as well as of the exercise of digging for it, told unfavorably on his health, but the main cause of his decline was the unusually wet winter at the beginning of which he had reached the coast. The chill of continued damp for almost three months proved too much for a native of a Karroo region so arid that very probably a heavy shower of rain had never come within his youthful experience. He became gradually more and more inactive, passing most of the time in sleep or torpor; his condition fell away, his eye lost its brilliancy, and he no longer indulged in the uncouth gambol which had so highly delighted us. Though moved into the kitchen, as the driest and warmest place available, he did not rally, and one morning was found dead by his devoted Biddy.

Fusbos was sincerely lamented by us, for it had been a revelation to find in an animal so low down among mammals, and belonging to an ancient order now on the wane throughout the world, a high degree of intelligence and a confiding friendliness and good-natured sense of fun that could well claim comradeship, and did not fail to win for him our warm attachment.

R. TRIMEN.

From The Spectator.

WILD-FOWL ON HOLKHAM LAKE.

Mr. Coke of Holkham, afterwards created Earl of Leicester, was wont to say that when he first acquired his Norfolk estate he used to see two rabbits quarrelling for one blade of grass. He left Holkham the model property of Norfolk, yet while improving its culture he did not diminish its attractiveness for game. Its woods, which he planted, and its fields, which he brought into cultivation, produce more pheasants and partridges than those of any domain in England; and the lake which he dug in Holkham Park is the most famous gathering place of wild-fowl even on the duck-frequented Norfolk coast. The lake lies in a gentle hollow, studded with ancient trees which probably stood in the original park of which the present domain is an extension. At the time of the writer's last visit the atmosphere of a dark winter's day played those strange tricks with the vision which occur even in our island, which Robert Bates, fresh from the Equator, termed "a sub-arctic region, under crepuscular skies." One of the trees appeared to be surrounded by a thick circle of crossed oak-fencing, such as is often placed round young trees, but is unnecessary as a protection for old timber. The writer drew the attention of an old wild-fowler who was his companion, to this object, but he also agreed that it was a crossed timber paling. A nearer approach showed that it was a serried clump of fallow does, standing in a circle with their heads pointed towards the circumference,—a living fence of some fifty deer grouped round the old oak-trunk. The head of the lake was then visible, clear of timber on every side, with the turf of the park running down to the water's edge. The surface was evidently covered with fowl, and the "whew—whew—whew" of the widgeon could be heard from every part of the water and of the adjacent slopes. But on the opposite side, under some lofty trees at some distance from the water, were a number of dark objects, from eighty to a hundred, which we were unable to identify. Opinions varied as to whether these creatures were sheep

or deer lying asleep. They proved to be a flock of Canada geese, which have been acclimatized at Holkham, as they have been at Lord Sutherland's park of Gunton, in the same county. The birds were by no means tame, but rose and flew into the lake. They regularly leave the water at certain hours, and fly into the marshes of "Holkham Meals," between the park and the sea, where they feed by day with the famous wild grey-geese of Holkham, and nest like wild-birds in the long line of sandhills which lies between Holkham Bay and Wells Harbor. A nearer view of the water showed the astonishing numbers of the indigenous wild-fowl there collected. The area of the lake is some thirty-four acres, but it is not fed by a stream, as is the case with most large ornamental waters, such as that at Blenheim, where the inflow of the river Glean fills the lake-head with alluvial deposit, on which sedges and reeds make a natural refuge for fowl. The edge is as regular as that of the Long Water in Kensington Gardens, with the grass cropped short by the grazing of the geese. Above lies the grey palace of Holkham Hall, and the outline of the water is as regular as that of the Italian windows in the façade of the house. Yet the fowl lie as thick as ducks upon a mill-pond, though the gulls hovering over the surface, or floating like white boats among the ducks, show that this is no home of half-domestic birds, but the chosen resort of fowl from the adjacent levels of the shallow northern sea. In rough and stormy weather, or long frosts, the true sea-ducks—scoters, golden-eyes, tufted-ducks, and goosanders—visit the lake. But in mild seasons, such as that of the present month, only mallards, widgeon, and teal, with black flocks of coots, cover the water. Occasionally a sea-eagle—"fen-eagles," as they were called when they regularly visited the low countries of East Anglia, spends a few days in harrying the fowl; but though a marsh-harrier was beating the "meals" below, none of the larger hawks had disturbed the quiet of the fowl. The number of the mallard and widgeon floating on the water was beyond

counting; but those sitting and sleeping on the eastern slope of turf were at least as numerous, the brilliant plumage of the mallard-drakes, and the bright red and white of the cock-widgeon, making a very gay appearance on the dull, rain-soaked turf. When disturbed, the whole company rose to their feet and ran towards the water, the duck and widgeon rising with a rush and clatter of wings, and plunging into the centre of the water; while the sooty coots, with the usual instinct of the rail family, ran till they reached the water's edge, and then launched themselves, in a black fleet, among the gay, parti-colored ducks. While the latter remained upon the water, the coots swam rapidly to the opposite bank, and climbing out, once more composed themselves for their damp siesta on the grass, indifferent to the angry calling of the gulls, and the quacks and whistles of mallard and widgeon.

The heronry marks the most picturesque point of the lake shore. The birds have selected for their nesting-place a grove of the highest and best-grown timber in the park, mainly beeches of great height and beautiful proportions. In the centre rises a flat-topped beech towering above all its neighbors, and on the highest branches of this the "master nest" is fixed, visible for a great distance, and marking the site of the colony far across the rolling waves of grass and scattered timber. North of the heronry the lake contracts, and the timber on the west bank closes up into a continuous line of ancient trees, lining the slope with a misty background of grey stems, and covering the ground with russet beds of fallen leaf. On the opposite bank are tall groves of ilex and pine, separated from the native timber by the deep and narrow waters of the lake. These are mainly haunted by the teal, which seem to prefer the quiet and seclusion afforded by the screen of trees. Below this narrow gut the water once more widens into a broad sheet above the dam; here the mallard collect in immense numbers, covering the water, and crowding in lines and companies on the shore beneath the ever-

green-trees. Though so wild and wary when once beyond the limits of the sanctuary, the birds are here almost as tame as those upon the ornamental waters of the London parks. They stream off from the bank as the visitor approaches, alighting on the water at a distance of fifty yards, and taking no further notice of the intrusion, though well within range of a gun. Where the ilex grove ends, a bed of dried, rough grass fringes the water, through which a narrow-beaten track, made by foot-passengers and deer, runs to join the road across the dam. Something which was neither grass nor bushes blocked this track at the time of the writer's visit, apparently a dense growth of teasle-tops. A nearer view showed this to be a line of ducks' heads, all turned in one direction. The birds were standing on the path in a long line facing the water, the approach of the visitors having given the signal of "eyes left" to the whole regiment. Some five or six hundred mallard were soon afloat upon the water, while flight after flight of widgeon were seen passing over at a great height from the sea, to join those at the head of the lake.

The widgeon have not always frequented Holkham in such numbers. Formerly, a decoy at Langham, the working of which was one of the amusements of Captain Marryat, the naval novelist, absorbed the greater number of the birds which did not spend the day out at sea. This decoy was closed in 1854, and since then the birds have repaired to Holkham. Mr. Alexander Napier, writing to Mr. Stevenson, the author of "The Birds of Norfolk," states that the widgeon do not begin to arrive until early in November, and then only in very small flocks. "The main body do not appear until well on in December, and then I should say that there are always more to be seen on the lake from the middle of January to the end of February than at any other time of the year; but their movements are largely governed by the weather. If the weather be fine and open, they do not show so early, but sit out at sea." This has been the case in the present mild season, and great though the number is which may

now be seen upon the lake, it does not represent a fifth part of the flock collected in the severe weather of the same date in 1895. Both wild-duck and widgeon leave the lake at night to feed in the vast stretch of creeks, samphire, salt-marshes, and half-reclaimed land which lends such strange beauty to the line of shore between Wells and Blakeney. In their choice of the hour of departure, these two species, so alike in form and in their habits when in security, exhibit one of those unexplained differences in degree of caution in the avoidance of danger, which is one of the puzzles of the sportsman-naturalist. The wild-duck leave at dusk, and nightly risk the chance of a shot from the "gunners" waiting on the marshes at flight time. The widgeon wait till dark, and, except on moonlight nights, seldom lose any of their number to the gun. As the fowlers are tramping home across the flats they hear the widgeon "like gales of wind" rushing high over the marshes; but the flocks are invisible, except when the moon is for a moment darkened by "a misk o' ducks" flitting across its beams in the winter sky.

From Chambers' Journal.
HUNTING WILD HORSES IN NEW
ZEALAND.

BY E. M. KIRWAN.

In the centre of the north island of New Zealand there are large areas of poor volcanic country of no value to the agriculturist, and of small use to the squatter. Here are to be found herds of wild horses, the progeny of animals which have escaped from stations and homesteads. A favorite amusement of the local selectors, who are occasionally joined by visitors is to arrange hunts, when the sport afforded is generally of the most exciting description. The essentials for success are utter fearlessness in the saddle, a quick eye, and the possession of considerable bodily strength, combined with a medium weight. Given these, and the rest—a general knowledge of the country and handiness with the lasso—may be readily acquired. As

regards the latter, one has only to try the experiment to explode the hoary tradition that years of apprenticeship are required to make a man expert in the use of the green hide lasso. I know a young farmer, who is now on a visit to England, who became tolerably proficient after two days' practice, and his is by no means a solitary instance. The rope employed is generally between thirty and forty feet long, and the throw is given from a distance of some twenty feet. Mexican saddles are but rarely used, the New Zealanders preferring to depend upon the strength of the arm to pull up the flying animal with a jerk round the neck, which chokes it almost into insensibility, and brings it with a thud to the earth. The first time of going out to hunt wild horses must ever remain a red-letter day in the novice's life. A party may consist of two or three or four, but it seldom exceeds the latter number. There are sometimes a couple of ladies; and although their want of muscular strength and their unwillingness to practise make them poor hands with the lasso, still their light weight and magnificent horsemanship not unfrequently render their aid of no small value. It goes almost without saying that all must be well mounted, and the fact that the work is so rough on horses and "uses" them up so soon, is the chief reason of the pastime not being more followed than it is.

On nearing where the wild horses are known to be, some eminence is ascended from where a good view of the surrounding scrubby and sparsely timbered country may be obtained. As a rule, the herds number from ten to twelve, made up of mares and one stallion. No stallion will allow another stallion into his herd, and stubborn fights frequently occur between horses owing to this. The beaten males, after being expelled, join herds exclusively of stallions. On any herd being sighted by the hunters, a good idea can generally be formed by the experienced man as to which route the animals will take in their way to the rugged hills, for which they invariably make when

disturbed. A scheme is mapped out to cut them off if possible, and the party scatters, each to take up his allotted position. Of course while doing this, every advantage is taken of the natural inequalities of the ground so as to escape observation. When the alarm is given, however, all need for caution is at an end, and each hunter puts his steed to full gallop. The stallion, the head of the herd, boldly comes out to meet him, and endeavors to distract attention from the rest. In some rare instances he is lassoed and captured at once, but he generally manages to rejoin his wives, which by this time have trooped into single file with his favorite mare in the lead. Should the herd be turned and get into difficulties, the stallion takes up his position in the van, and the great object is to cut him off from the rest. Should this be accomplished, both he and the mares become confused, and the lassoers often manage to take two or three per man. Instances have been known where horses have been thrown to the ground by the hunter giving a violent jerk to the animal's tail when it was making an abrupt turn. When his quarry is brought down, either by this method or the use of the lasso, the rider jumps from his steed, whips a "blinder" (a handkerchief is used when there is nothing else procurable) over the prostrate horse's eyes, and straps up one of its fore legs securely. If this is properly done, the animal may safely be left "until called for," for no horse thus secured can stray far. Should a man be so unlucky as to capture a branded horse, or a foal running with a branded mare, he cannot keep it; but all others become the property of the hunter, and after they undergo a rough-and-ready process of breaking-in, are sold at prices ranging from twenty-five shillings to fifteen pounds each. The latter figure is, however, seldom reached, unless in the case of exceptionally fine stallions. Great numbers of these wild horses die from starvation in the winter time, but still the herds show no signs of diminution.

